



THEATRE MAGAZINE

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Post

CORINNE BARKER

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To the Reading Public

IT appears to us that the postal rider to the War Revenue Bill, passed at the last Congress as a war measure, as applicable to second-class matter, is not only iniquitous and unfair, but also that it was passed as a punitive measure leveled primarily at independent periodical publications.

We believe that if it is carried out it will result in disaster to a very large number of periodicals, and inasmuch as the majority of American authors are dependent upon American periodicals for their livelihood, anything which threatens them, also threatens the great body of American writers. It is because of this fact, and the great menace to other lines of industry, that the Authors' League of America, representing the literary workers of this country, is vitally interested in the fight for a repeal of this postal regulation, which is scheduled to go into effect July 1, 1918.

As it is true that the zone rate, as recently adopted, will result in the destruction of many periodicals, and in a vast increase in the subscription prices of others, it seems to us that it constitutes a threat directed not only at the publishers and authors themselves, but also at the vast reading public of the country, and we feel that it is to this public that our appeal should be made.

This new law threatens the destruction of American literature and the home reading circle, with all that such a catastrophe would mean; this in itself should excite sufficient general interest to prompt an overwhelming demand for the repeal of the measure. But further than that it appears to us that this vindictive attempt to throttle the independent press of the United States is a matter of such sinister significance that the people of the country will refuse to tolerate it, once they are acquainted with its true character.

Inasmuch as the Constitution of the United States was drafted with the idea of fostering arts and sciences, and inasmuch as this ill-considered increase in postal rates was jammed through Congress not primarily as a method of raising war revenue, but so far as we can learn, as the result of personal animosity on the part of certain public men, the genesis of which can be traced back to the first "muckraking" magazine articles it is plain to us that we should demand its immediate repeal.

Now, above all times, the public must be assured of a national, not a sectional press, and one that is removed from all political influence.

The Authors' League of America, Inc.

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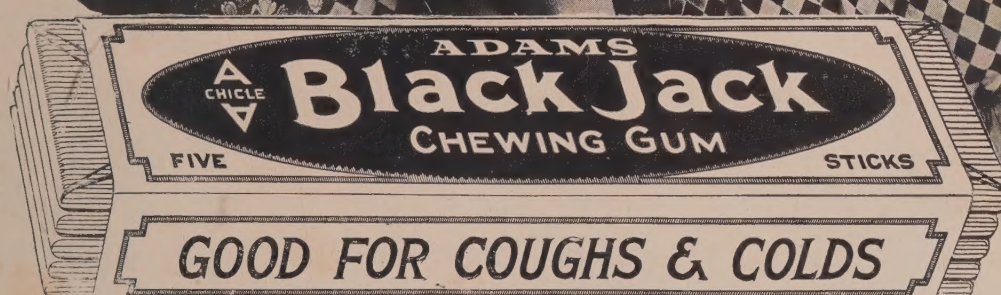
JULIAN STREET

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A handwritten signature, likely of Annette Kellerman, in cursive script.

The THEATRE MAGAZINE CALENDAR FOR 1918



THE CALENDAR: *A hand proof of this month's cover*—Miss Corinne Barker depicting “ON TO VICTORY”—without printing of any sort, mounted on melton board and tied with red white and blue ribbon, ready to hang up.

HOW YOU CAN GET IT: If you have not renewed your subscription—If you have never subscribed to the **Theatre Magazine**—If you would like to subscribe for a friend—send in your renewal or a new subscription, and the **Theatre Calendar** will be sent you without charge.

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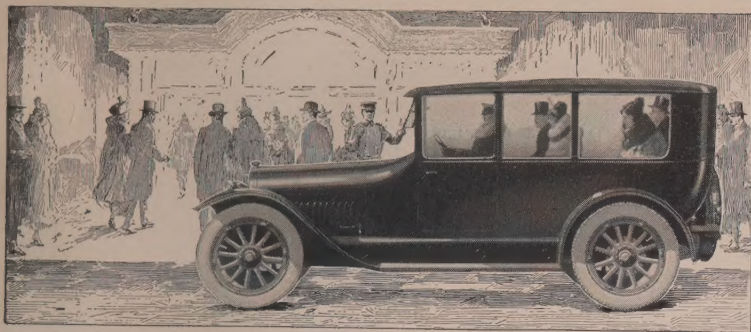
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CALVÉ, EMMA, Soprano : *Kahl-oh'*
Emma Calvé, half French, half Spanish, is descended from a prosperous and cultured family. She was born in

Ca

the premature death of her father was and the young girl knew that she must play a serious rôle than that of a society long before the dark-eyed beauty with Rosina Laborde, and afterward Juliet. As a pupil the young girl came first to her teachers, and made rapid debut was made at Nice, her first was at the *Théâtre de la Monnaie*, in *Magnifique* in *Faust*. Her Paris debut was at the *Opéra Comique*, in *Chevalier* and triumphs came in Italy, where she first when she reappeared in Paris as the Parisians made her their ideal singer in 1892, and Americans first to her in 1894. Her first debut in 1894 was in the remarkable figure an actress, but by the time at once alluring and fascinating, a girl, and although she spends most of her time in *Victor* records, she is reported exclusively for the



CALYX

RDS
 is Like a Bird In French
 (Les Triangles des Sietres)
 o sapere (Santuzza's Air, "Well Y
 st bon (He is Kind) In French
 e River) In English
 ser-tu (Brilliant Bird) Flute obbli
 mez Flute obbligato In French
 stagne (Avec la Yander Moun

Paris Opéra Comique, where he was
taught over by the Metro-
polis stay in America has
L. Clement has made for
ed voice, graceful style and
lection.

Sung in French
(Pianoforte by La Forge)
by La Forge)
Pianoforte acc. by La Forge)
est. (An Vain, Beloved)
Neige (Pianoforte acc.)
Song, Act III)

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Caruso's success is the greatest ever attained by an artist in this country. His American engagements have been a continuous ovation, the great audiences being held spellbound by the exquisite refinement, beauty and power of his voice.

Caruso is a native of Naples and was born in 1873. When he was a mere boy he sang in the churches of Naples, and the beauty of his voice arrested the attention of all who heard it. His father did not encourage the boy at first, but a few years later was persuaded to allow him to take a few lessons in singing. The family was very poor, however, and Caruso was forced to work as a mechanic. This work not being very profitable, he began to seriously consider whether he could not make more by singing than he could earn by hard work with his hands.

he could eat off their work with his hands. When he met a disreputable, higher-class, glib, and charming character, he decided that he would give Caruso substantial assistance. He therefore took him to Maestro Vergine, who was captivated by the beauty and purity of his voice, and began to give him vocal instructions.

Caruso made his debut in 1894 in Naples, in a now forgotten opera, *L'amico Francesco*, afterward singing in various Italian cities and in Cairo. A South American engagement followed, and on his return, after a season in Milan, it was clear that there was one of the most promising young tenors ever heard in Italy. Caruso had made a success in various countries, and in 1902 he was engaged to sing at the Metropolitan in New York. His performance at the Duke at the Metropolitan on November 23d of that year which produced opera-goers that the greatest of all tenors had arrived.

Caruso has made records exclusively for the Victor since 1903, and as the present contract with the tenor does not expire until 1933, the public is assured perfect reproductions of his voice for many years to come.

...of his voice for many years to come.

THE CARUSO RECORDS

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1918



DOES the stage need to be Hooverized?

Is the theatre a necessity or a luxury? Interesting questions these!

Professor Robert H. Hatch, instructor for over twenty years in the College of the City of New York answers them in our February issue.

Prof. Hatch declares the playhouse is a necessity and a very important one—something we can't afford to neglect. If it were a luxury, he argues, it would have been banished long ago in England or in France along with the other luxuries of life.

The theatre has its faults. It is in danger of deterioration unless its shortcomings are corrected. It needs conserving. It must be Hooverized.

Read in the next number what Professor Hatch has to say on this very vital and interesting subject.



THERE is the automobile face, the Wall Street face, the debutante face, but what about the theatre face?

Have you ever turned around in your orchestra chair and glanced at the sea of faces surrounding you? Some attract you and some do not—mostly not.

Theatre audiences all wear different faces—likeable or hateful, stupid or vulgar, vacuous or openly hostile, critical or gaily responsive.

Which is yours?

Read Mildred Cram's clever article on "New York Audiences" in the February number.



WHERE'S the band?"

That's what the successful and highly courted leading man asks when he reaches his old home town after many years' absence.

The truth is, no one is there to greet him. His name and fame have been heralded and billboarded from coast to coast. But back in his old home he is unsung.

What he runs up against when he gets home, the comments on him, what the local

THERE are vampires of the screen, but they'll have to take their hats off to Florence Reed, the most enticing charmer of the stage.

Do you remember her as the seductive siren in "The Wanderer"? She is at present one of the reasons for the success of "Chu Chin Chow."

Miss Reed's article, "The Sex Appeal," in the next number, is a well-written and illuminative article on this interesting subject.

Having had experience in scarlet rôles, Miss Reed knows.



MR. HORNBLOW goes to the play! That's nothing new.

What he sees there between the acts, what he reads between the lines, what he learns while conversing with Mr. Manager, he will let you know in his piquant article, "Theatrical Camouflage," in the February number.

Yes, there's camouflage in the theatre as there is in everything else. If you want to learn the tricks of the trade read our next issue.



AREN'T you weary of that sugary final clutch between the hero and heroine that brings down the curtain on most of our plays?

Edwin Carty Ranck is, and he tells you why in his article "That Overworked 'Happy Ending'" in the next number.

'Tis true some fairly good plays, such as "Hamlet," for instance, have achieved success without happy endings.

For further information on the subject we refer you to Mr. Ranck's article.



ARE you following the adventures of Angelina, the adorable debutante, in our Fashion Department?

VOL. XXVII.

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Editor

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paper says about him, and his failure to make the home folks understand what it means to have one's name in electric lights on Broadway, makes an article that has a chuckle in every line. In the February issue!



ARE you accompanying Mirilo to the movies? If not, why not?

have achieved success without happy endings.

For further information on the subject we refer you to Mr. Ranck's article.



From a portrait by Pach

LEO DITRICHSTEIN IN "THE KING" AT THE COHAN THEATRE

THEATRE MAGAZINE

WANTED - A THEATRE MANAGER

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER



CAN I have changed from an optimist to a pessimist? Or has the New York stage changed for the worse of late?

As I look back (I seldom do, thank heaven) I find it rather hard to convince myself that our theatres are much better than they used to be when Henry Irving aptly starred at the old Star, while Augustin Daly reigned at Twenty-ninth Street.

I loved to slam Augustin in those days. If he came back to life, unchastened, as of yore, I should do so now. To those of us who thought we knew our drama (I of course knew mine) it seemed insulting to be told that Augustin's "productions" were creations of his own Olympian brain. He could not really have conceived "Camille," though he put his name to it. He could not have invented all the French comedies and German farces which he dished up, with local sauce, for us on Broadway.

There was another thing that annoyed some of us. Augustin would insist on calling his playhouse "the American Théâtre Français."

At last, in one of my most scandalous feuilletons, published by the *Herald*, I assured Augustin that his theatre was neither an equivalent of the world-famous "Maison de Molière," nor worthy of comparison with even the less exalted, though more amusing, Palais-Royal. This led to a marked coolness between the All-Highest of these parts and poor, plain me. Our relations, which had never been too cordial, soon grew strained. And then, unable to condone my crime, Augustin ceased sending me press tickets.



YET, looking back, through long and chequered years, I see that, despite his *camouflages* and tricks, Mr. Daly was a vastly greater manager than most of his successors. The public of his time may have been simpler than the one you know. But it was nicer, more exacting and less crude. By his method, which was largely built on nerve, Mr. Daly at least hypnotized it somehow into accepting him as an authority on drama. If we except Mr. Belasco, what manager could say as much to-day?

Thanks to his attitude, which combined dignity with arrogance, Mr. Daly drew around him a constituency. It clung to him with admirable loyalty, applauded him on all first nights, and spoke kindly of his failures. It was made up, not of young persons with narrow outlooks, but of grown men and women of good breeding. To be present at a Daly *première* was a mark of culture. Not to attend one was to miss a privilege.

We knew beforehand in those vanished times what some of the critics would record of his new play next morning. To attack it was a proof of heresy. To persist in disliking it was tantamount to *lèse majesté*. This sort of thing in turn worked well and ill. It established standards, though not lofty ones.

It fretted one, of course, to get Dumas bowd-

lerized, and happy endings where in the original there had been sad *dénouements*. But, on the whole, the Daly plan did help. It spared us coarseness and respected taste. Being what he was, a dogmatic autocrat, Mr. Daly did not allow sufficient license in the interpretation of "his" plays to the members of his stock company. He moulded all of them to suit his plan. The results were often rather comical. He took parlous liberties with more than Dumas; he adapted Sheridan and Wycherley and improved on Shakespeare. But never did he countenance obscenity, like some of our living managers, and rarely, if ever, did he produce inanities. Of the modern plays which he presented some were conventional. Ibsen and Antoine had not influenced Broadway when he ruled supreme. On the other hand I feel sure he would have scoffed if he had been asked to put on such pap as "Daddy Long Legs" or "The Cinderella Man." For, in his own way, which I did not love, he respected art. He held that drama should be based on life, on humanity as it is, not on improbabilities.



SIDE by side with the All-Highest reigned A. M. Palmer and Daniel Frohman. Each had a rare stock company and a large following. And each produced the plays he thought the best, not only for the sake of coining money or making a sensation, but to promote good art. Mr. Frohman's views as to good art may have been somewhat strange. He did not shrink then—and he might not now—from hailing "The Wife" and "The Charity Ball" as all but masterpieces. Mr. Palmer was undoubtedly much bolder and more up-to-date. Although no doubt he wasted too much time on Henry Arthur and on lesser lights, he did a little—and indeed more than a little—to uplift the stage.

He gave Augustus Thomas his first start. He surrounded himself with some of the best actors of his day and kept them together through long, busy years.



A SIMILAR tribute may be paid to Mr. Frohman. But, in the long run, he fell in with the new scheme of what was then the only theatrical syndicate, broke up his company and approved (or perhaps I should say winked at) the bad plan of turning good members of well-organized stock companies into mock "stars."

With the introduction of the vamped-up "stars" on Broadway, there came what I believe to have been a slump in drama. We have not recovered from it after all these years, though I still hope we shall. The rounded performances to which we had been accustomed at Daly's, Palmer's, the little Madison Square and the old Lyceum, gave place to more ragged exhibitions. The theatres multiplied. So did the headliners. But dramatic art was maimed. In all New York to-day I see no companies which could

for a moment hold a candle to those organized and managed, long, long since, by Augustin Daly, A. M. Palmer and Daniel Frohman. We still have many good and gifted actors. We have still a few managers who appear to have ambition. But such fine things as they achieve are too sporadic. They are casual and haphazard, not deliberate. I have sometimes been impressed by plays and acting under the managements now of Mr. Belasco, now of Miss George and now of Mr. Tyler, Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, the Shuberts or Mr. Arthur Hopkins—to name only those, and without the slightest wish to offend some others. But of a systematic, serious, steady effort to improve the stage, such as we used to see, I find few traces.

The current plays of Broadway, as a rule, are greatly inferior to their interpretation. As I have hinted, many dramas of the hour have no relation to real life. Some are ingenious. Now and then they may be exciting. But human nature is the last thing you will find in them. Nor are they always, as they claim to be, original. Fifty years ago some of our lurid and absurd crook plays had amused Paris. New trimmings had been tacked on to old plots. American types, or, rather, types who speak our language, have been substituted for Frenchmen. But in effect they are the characters which Belot and D'Ennery had made popular at the Ambigu. The sham-sentimental plays for which we are indebted to Mr. Morosco are distressing to one's intelligence. Have we one farce which could be named in the same breath as the "Divorçons" of Sardou and de Najac?



AS for Barrie, about whom so many rave here, his plays—setting aside "Peter Pan"—are merely trifles; while one, to wit, "The Admirable Crichton," attributed to him on the billboards, was not much more than a bare transcription of "Robinson's Eiland," a Fulda comedy. Who are responsible for the present lack of artistic honesty if not the men who buy and control our plays?

Let us be frank when we are talking of our managers. They are frank themselves. We have heard, from their own lips, that most of them are not in business for their health, but to make money. They do not care for drama in itself. Their first great object is to grow rich by producing plays which, as they suppose, the public wants. I have named exceptions and I might name more, among them the directors of the so-called little theatres, the Greenwich Village, the excellent Neighborhood Theatre and the Washington Square Players' House, which is now the Comedy. Mr. Ames has had his flashes of ambition. Mrs. Fiske, and those behind her, have done wonders in a disconnected fashion. The fact, the salient fact, remains quite plain. To most managers who hold the reins on Broadway management is a business, like

(Concluded on page 51)

SEATS FOR TO-NIGHT?

NONE AT THE BOX OFFICE

By MORRIS PAUL



NEW YORK clings to its luxuries like a child refusing to part with a forbidden stick of candy. Broadway does submit to meatless lunches, and wheatless dinners, on occasion. Perhaps, some day, it will bow before burlesque-less afternoons, musical comedy-less evenings, cabaret-less midnights, and dance-less dawns. Who can tell where economy will lead? There is even a possibility that in time there will be ticket-speculator-less days. But there is a limit to the amount of deprivation which the public will countenance.

Ticket speculators stand for luxury, opulence, a desire for ease and comfort at any cost—also for an opportunity to get on short notice a close view of the “second girl on the left with the blue eyes and a marvelous figure.” As long as luxuries are in vogue—as long as money is plentiful, there is a place for the ticket speculator—at least from the standpoint of the traveling salesman who insists on seeing “the best show in town,” on the night of his arrival, or in the case of the “tired business man” who, upon returning from the office at six in the evening finds unexpected guests who must be entertained. Of course, the guests might be pacified by a bridge party or a free lecture on feminism at Columbia University, but if you want to show your friends from the country that you belong to the special privilege class, just get six tickets in the third row for a Broadway success on two hours’ notice. That will settle your position as a “man about town” for good and all.

Of course the first thing to do is to call up the box office, and, when the receiver is at your ear, repeat after the polite but positive clerk, so that your guests can get some inkling of the difficulties under which you are laboring:



NOTHING but one seat in the last row of the gallery? Sold out downstairs for eight weeks in advance? Oh, I see. Thank you. Good-bye.”

Then you call up a small speculator, just for form’s sake, and receive the tidings that no seats are to be had.

Next you call up a well-known ticket agency and say with dignity and importance:

“This is Mr. Jones of Jones and Smith. Got a party to-night. Got to have some tickets to the Forty-sixth Street Theatre. Don’t care what it costs. Get ’em.”

In a minute you turn casually toward your guests, still holding the telephone receiver to your ear.

“Say’s he’s sold all his tickets, but will ’phone around and see what he can do.”

Then into the transmitter:

“Hello. Yes—yes—good. I’ll send a messenger around for them at seven.”

Then you turn to your guests.

“Well, I got ’em. We’re lucky all right.”

There are times when a ticket speculator is mighty convenient—almost a necessity. But there are others when a man who is not a swearing man finds it difficult to pick out words strong enough to express what he really thinks. Here is the case of a business man who wanted tickets and got them:

“A week or ten days previous to Election Day,” he writes, “I personally made application at the theatre ticket agency located at the Manhattan Hotel, for four seats for election night for either the Globe Theatre or the Manhattan Opera House. I was told by the young woman in attendance that they had not yet received their allotment of the tickets, but that they would have them in a day or two, and that she would book my order. To this I consented, they promising either to send me the tickets or to notify me that they had them.



A FEW days thereafter I called at the hotel and inquired whether they had the promised tickets. After a telephone message, presumably to the box office of the theatre, I was assured that the tickets would be forthcoming and that they would be sent to my office address.

“On the day previous to election day four orchestra seats for the Manhattan Opera House were delivered at my office by the Manhattan Hotel ticket agency people and \$22 (\$5.50 each) collected for the same. I was informed several days later by letter that ‘as we are sold out of our own allotment of tickets secured for this house, we secured these seats from an outside agency for you. This agency charged us a premium for them, the cost to us being \$5 each, the war tax twenty-five cents and our commission of twenty-five cents, making them \$5.50 each.’

“Again on November 8, I applied at the box office of the Globe Theatre for four seats for the night of November 14th, and was informed that the only seats to be had for that night were in the fourth row of the balcony.

“From the Globe Theatre I went to the agency located in the Waldorf-Astoria and applied for four seats for the night of November 14th. The young woman in charge, after going through the mysterious telephoning similar to that performed by the attendant at the Manhattan Hotel agency, informed me that they had not yet received their tickets, but that they would surely be secured for me, and without change of countenance she told me that ‘seats near the front would cost \$7.50 each, those farther back \$5.50 each, and in the back row, \$3.50 each, plus the war tax.’

“When applying at the Manhattan Hotel agency for seats for election night, I also expressed a desire for seats for the Globe Theatre for November 14th. On the afternoon of that day I was informed by telephone that the seats could be had at \$7.50 plus the war tax.



IT is interesting to note that all of the theatre agencies announce to the inquirer that they either have not yet received their allotment or are sold out, and adopt the same telephoning tactics, and are compelled to make exorbitant charges because of having to buy of an outside agency.”

According to the head of a well-known and reputable agency which sells about two thousand theatre tickets a day during the season, the num-

ber of seats sold by agencies at exorbitant prices is extremely small—about two per cent. of the total business.

“The reputable ticket agency does not favor high prices for tickets,” he states. “We get an allotment of tickets from each theatre, as do the other agencies. These we sell at an advance of fifty cents above the box office price. When they are gone—and often we have advance orders covering all of them before they are delivered to us—if our customers insist upon seeing a particular play we telephone around to the small agencies. Some of these only get four, six or at the most ten tickets for any performance. We have even caught their agents trying to buy our own tickets at fifty cents above the regular price, hoping to resell them at a profit. They hold these tickets till a day or two before the performance and then demand a high figure for them. If we get them we have to pay their price and then add our commission of fifty cents a ticket.

“We advise our customers not to pay these exorbitant prices, and suggest other attractions for which we can get tickets at a reasonable rate. But if they insist, we accommodate them as best we can. A ticket agency should be at the service of its customers. We favor our regular patrons, the people who go to the theatre frequently, rather than the traveling public or the occasional buyer.

“I believe that the theatre ticket agency is a legitimate business. Our thousands of customers testify to the need of it. We are in close touch with the people who support the theatre. We are a luxurious necessity. But there are good and bad agencies. The ‘hold-up’ speculator who acts as middleman between the theatre and the agency and boosts the price whenever he can, should be eliminated.”



THERE are, of course, managers who will not accept more than the box office price from speculators. In fact, as a usual thing, speculators pay very little more than the advertised cost of the tickets. Following is a letter written by Manager Charles B. Dillingham defending his firm against accusations of persons who were forced to pay high for admission to “Jack O’ Lantern” at the Globe Theatre:

“I feel that those who try to cast reflection on the box office of the Globe Theatre should be answered. One man writes that on Saturday, October 27th, he tried to buy at the Globe two seats in the front row of the gallery for the following Saturday night. He should know that seats for successes are sold eight weeks in advance.

“It certainly was not strange that there were no front seats for sale for the following Saturday night. He says that the public should demand that the manager sell the seats at box office prices. Not a single seat for “Jack O’ Lantern” at the Globe has been sold over the box office prices. If speculators buy seats for the Globe and get fancy prices from the public it is not the fault of the theatre. The Globe box office is open for the sale of seats, not to evade selling them and a ticket seller is valued by his employer for his ability to sell seats.”



Luisita Puchol as the Fair of Seville



Maria Marco as Holy Week



Amparo Saus as Torerito



Photos White

Toreadors in Act II of "The Land of Joy" at the Park Theatre

SUNNY SPAIN DELIGHTS NEW YORK WITH DANCE AND CASTANET

These are the explanations given to us, but they are inconsistent with the real facts.

The theatregoer wants to know why he is not able to go to the theatre and buy his seats. The answer is very simple. A new play is produced—it looks like a success and immediately the agencies and ticket speculators go to the manager and buy, say 300 seats in the orchestra, each evening, for a period of so many weeks. Of course, the manager, who has invested a large sum of money in the production, is very glad to get a lump sum of money in advance for tickets. The ticket speculator, therefore, is in the position of the merchant, who buys merchandise and then places his own price upon it.

This is what is proving such a burden to the theatregoer, who wants to be able to go to the box office of the theatre, and buy seats, if not in the first three rows, at least within hearing distance.

Here is a concrete example: A gentleman living at the Plaza Hotel, applied for four seats for a successful play at the ticket agency in the hotel. He was told there was nothing in front of the twelfth row. He called up the theatre, although he knew in advance that he was wasting his time, only to be told they had nothing better than the last row. The agency, however, promised that there might be something later on, and during the day he was told that four seats could be had in the fourth row at \$4.50 apiece! Being a member of the Lotus Club, it occurred to him that he might do better through the club, and they telephoned for seats for the same play and secured them for him at \$2.50 apiece!

The question is, who makes the extra money? Is it the box office? Is it the speculator, or some middleman between the two?

Of course, the ticket agencies have their use. They can build up a show if it is good. Here, for example, is how the agency and the manager sometimes do business:

A musical show came to town. The manager was approached by the ticket agency who offered to buy 400 seats a night, at 25 cents less than box office prices. Buying wholesale, the agency was entitled to wholesale prices and inasmuch as the agency takes the risk, and en-

ables the prospective theatregoer to buy good seats, it is entitled to the 50 cents additional charge on each seat.

The manager, however, did not see it in the same light; he insisted on the full price and told the ticket agency to charge 75 cents extra for each seat. They did not come to terms. Result: the show did not prove as popular as expected, and the manager went back to the ticket agency willing to meet its terms, but too late. So, with his tickets on his hands, he went to a cut-rate ticket office and to save his skin, made a deal with the cut-rate man to sell his \$2.00 tickets for which he could have obtained \$1.75 from the agency, at \$1.25.

That is how the theatregoing public comes to see-saw between the fancy prices demanded by the speculator and the low prices of the scalper.

Whether because of the war tax, or because of the high cost of seats, or because money is getting scarcer and the cost of living higher, it is a certainty that theatres are not bringing in the dollars that they did before the second Liberty Loan was subscribed for.

The price of theatre tickets has nearly doubled in the last half a dozen years, there now being occasional three-dollar productions whereas the average orchestra seat then cost about a dollar and a half. What is to be done, no one can determine just yet. The public might be enticed to go to the theatre oftener if tickets were cheaper, and this is leading managers to consider the advisability of lowering the prices of admission. Arthur Hopkins has already shown the way with his production the "Gypsy Trail."

Then there are the cut-rate ticket agencies. At first only second rate productions turned tickets over to these agencies, but it is getting so that many good plays and musical comedies are represented on the list of cut-rate productions.

It was about election time that the falling off of attendance at theatres was most pronounced. During election week, though there was an extra matinee on election day, box office receipts fell off. At the Hippodrome, to be sure, "Cheer Up" drew \$51,000 for the week, and "Chu Chin Chow," at the Manhattan Opera House, \$34,000, and "Jack O' Lantern," \$25,000. But most of the dramatic entertainments suffered decided slumps.

A few of the well-established plays like "Business Before Pleasure," "A Tailor-Made Man," "Polly With a Past," and "Tiger Rose" made well over \$10,000, although there were few capacity audiences.

Among the productions in the cut-rate class now can be found some Klaw and Erlanger and Cohan and Harris plays. These firms at first refused to be enticed into letting the public see even at the fag end of a run, any of their productions for less than box office figures. But bad business now and then catches all of the managers in its wake.

On the first of December the following plays were advertised in cut-rate ticket offices where orchestra seats could be bought for half price, plus ten cents and the war tax: "The Very Idea" at the Astor, "Her Regiment" at the Broadhurst, the first bill of the Washington Square Players at the Comedy, "The Three Bears" at the Empire, "The Gay Lord Quex" at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, "Hitchy-Koo" at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, "The Country Cousin" at the Gaiety, "The Naughty Wife" at the Harris, "The Pipes of Pan" at the Hudson, "Leave it to Jane" at the Longacre, "Eyes of Youth" at Maxine Elliott's, "Lombardi, Ltd." at the Morosco, "The Riviera Girl" at the New Amsterdam, "L'Elevation" at the Playhouse, "Maytime" at the Shubert, "What's Your Husband Doing?" at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre and "Doing Our Bit" at the Winter Garden.

Not only is the cost of seats to the public seriously in danger of being lowered, but the price of actors' salaries to managers, is also dangerously near the clipping shears. At a recent dinner of the United Managers' Protective Association, Alf Hayman, head of the Charles Frohman, Inc. productions, said:

"With an impossible war tax, with salaries higher than ever before, with the cost of production high, things have become very serious."

Things are rather serious with the public, too, when the cost of theatre tickets is almost as high as sugar. The public cannot get along conveniently without either sugar or theatres, but it can spend only a certain amount for each in these days of fighting, and it is doing its best to keep supplied with both.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

By HUBERT SAVILE



E. H. SOTHERN: To return to the stage.
JULIA MARLOWE: To return with him.
ELSIE FERGUSON: To return from the movies.
CHARLIE CHAPLIN: To remain in the movies.
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS: To climb up higher trees and to jump off higher bridges.
"FATTY" ARBUCKLE: To throw larger pies and more of them.
VALESKA SURATT: To wreck a thousand more homes—as a movie villainess.
MARY PICKFORD: To win a million more hearts—as a movie heroine.
ANNA HELD: To stop singing songs about eyes.
EVA TANGUAY: To stop singing songs about Eva.
NORA BAYES: To continue doing the very best.
EDDIE FOY: To continue doing the very worst.
SARAH BERNHARDT: To come back next year—and the next—and the next.

IRENE CASTLE: To try to put on twenty pounds.
ETHEL BARRYMORE: To try to take off twenty pounds.
LILLIAN RUSSELL: Never to have another husband.
NAT GOODWIN: Never to have another wife.
BILLIE BURKE: To go on being cute and cunning for the next twenty years.
JULIA SANDERSON: To go on being cute and cunning for the next thirty years.
MARIE TEMPEST: To try to find a play as suitable as "The Marriage of Kitty."
DAVID BELASCO: To discover more Frances Starrs, Lenore Ulrics and Ina Claires.
ELSIE JANIS: To emulate the example of Edith Kingdon, Agnes Huntington, Edna May, Mabelle Gillman, Ethel Kelly and Eleanor Robson and marry a millionaire.
MRS. FISKE: To be more like my niece, Emily Stevens.

EMILY STEVENS: To be more like my aunt, Mrs. Fiske.
FRED STONE: To go into the movies.
SAM BERNARD: To continue with German dialect.
GEORGE M. COHAN: To continue with American dialect.
THEDA BARA: To ruin more lives—as a movie villainess.
JULIAN ELTINGE: To keep folks wondering am I a man or a woman.
RUTH ST. DENIS: To keep folks wondering am I a woman or a snake.
GRACE GEORGE: To maintain the high standard I have already set.
MAUDE ADAMS: To be like Peter Pan, and "never grow up."
ANNETTE KELLERMANN: To wear more clothes.
JOHN DREW: To continue to be the best-dressed man on the stage.



Mishkin

BETTY CALLISH

Helping Leo Ditrichstein to make "The King" one of the biggest successes of the season



Goldberg

CHARLOTTE IVES

An American beauty playing the rôle of Gwendolyn in "What's Your Husband Doing?" at the 39th Street Theatre



Fairchild

FANIA MARINOFF

Who has forsaken Broadway to become leading woman at the new Greenwich Village Theatre



W. H. L. H. M.

PAULETTE NOIZEUX

An important member of M. Copeau's French company who scored recently in the title rôle of De Musset's comedy "Barberine"

O N T H E D R A M A T I C H O R I Z O N

PLAYS WORTH WHILE

"L'ELEVATION" By HENRI BERNSTEIN



IN a school of finished craftsmen Henri Bernstein made from his start as playwright a remarkable impression as a technician. Critics found fault with him, for that was their business,—they called him brutal in his "Attaque" but they admitted that he seemed born with a knowledge of dramatic art.

The brutality, which is better named straightforwardness stands out in the same dominating way in his latest piece for the theatre "L'Élévation" as it did in "Le Voleur," but here, in a greater theme, it is more apt to be called by the more polite term. All the very desirable qualities of concentration, straightforwardness and strict attention to the business in hand are more than ever marked in this play.

It was hailed when produced for the first time on June 8th on the stage of the Comédie-Française as the real war play, the noblest expression of the French genius surviving flood and holocaust of war. A good many people who read these big-sounding words were disappointed when they finally saw the piece. The old Bernstein! The same Bernstein with the heavy hand, the Bernstein who knew what he wanted and went after it in the manner of the Hun! Their disappointment found vent in words that were too strong and far too unjust. "Even war," they cavilled, "cannot turn the Frenchman from his wonted ground, the triangular plot of adultery." They did not at first see the same stirring of noble germs in the author which he had depicted as at work in his hero.



NOT six months had elapsed from the date of its production when Miss Grace George and her company gave us the opportunity to see the new piece by bringing it out as the second offering of her new season. She brought it out with the title untranslated and with the piece ungarbled as to text. For some inexplicable reason she turned the name of Bernstein's heroine from Edith to Suzanne and gave to a minor character or two a different patronymic but that is all and here we have a play undiluted from the French, one which asks for no indulgence because of its English dress.

The professional critics of New York with here and there an exception followed the lead of their Parisian brethren. They went perhaps a little further for the most of them seemed a trifle confused because this particular war-play resembled neither "Held by the Enemy" nor "Shenandoah," each after its kind mirroring the national idea of such a play. Audiences, too, for a time, followed their lead and showed discontent at the entire absence of trappings and alarms and confusions. Almost the only uniform shown was hanging on a hook in a hospital room, but later spectators were content to view it for what it is, a moving drama in which a worthy attempt is made to show the growth of souls, a play, in a word, worth while.

This French author has not been often tempted to follow the transitions of his characters. He has rather accepted them at a resting place when character had been formed by habit and the consequences resulting from conditions served him exceedingly well for the purposes of drama. In the character of Suzanne we see her ready made and she does not alter under his hand. She is simple, sweet, a truth-telling person. She has tried for six years to love her middle-aged, re-

spectable and admirable husband. She has failed and a young bounder has entered her life and to him she gives all her devotion.

When this quite commonplace and ignoble lover takes leave of her to join his regiment after the general mobilization of 1914, the agitation she shows is so uncontrollable that her husband asks if this man is her lover and the wife at once admits it. That a heroine is able to hold one's sympathy when she has no better right to it is a triumph of the author won by the simple process of letting the girl's innate honesty prevent her from telling a lie. From her husband she has absorbed the scepticism of the age, she believes in neither God nor immortality, yet she suffers from the feeling that she is a cheat and only a genuine passion can help her to keep alive. Should this fail her she is provided with a poison with which to end a life worthless to her.



A YEAR passes and the horrible events of the war are not sufficient to keep André the husband from prosecuting the discovery to which his eyes and her mute confession have awakened him. A discarded mistress of his wife's hero sells him irrefutable proof—the letters Suzanne has written to her lover—and with this terrible weapon he means to combat her when on receipt of a telegram from her lover, wounded in hospital, Suzanne prepares to join him. The husband knows how easily he can kill her soul by unmasking the dastardly duplicity of the man she loves.

SUZANNE: André, I shall go this evening. I must go!
ANDRE: Once more, I forbid you.

SUZANNE: You have no right to forbid me. Remember the conditions under which we are living together.

ANDRE: I proposed that you should remain here, in your home. I did this to protect you, to save you from your own weakness. I regret exceedingly that you make this issue, but what do you expect of me—that I share your intrigue?

SUZANNE: He is in a hospital.

ANDRE: Permit my wife to install herself by the bedside of her lover and when he is recovered to return home? Tell me.

SUZANNE: I don't know! I must go!

ANDRE: I won't retain you by force. But I advise you to think it over. If you have any decency left, you will recognize that by accepting my offer, you were, on your side, also bound.

SUZANNE: To what? To remain in Paris when—

ANDRE: To respect me—to respect, at least, our past. One hour after your arrival there you will have soiled our seven years of married life, given over my name, my person to ridicule. What right have you to do that?

SUZANNE: I am heartbroken at offending you, but there is someone who needs me. He is suffering horribly. I must go.

ANDRE: Very well, go. But, understand, there is no return. Cross this threshold and you become an adventuress. I know you no longer—



WITH the apparent ease with which we accept sympathetically the character of Suzanne we also accept that of her middle-aged husband. His is, however, more complex and the author, by keeping from us the true reason for his distrust of the lover in the "great" scene where in real life it would come out may justly be accused of a trick to prolong the agony, yet the dialogue in this scene is its own excuse and a word or two, hastily uttered by André, plants in our minds the impression which grows into fact later on.

ANDRE: One word more! What is going to become of you?

SUZANNE: Of me?

ANDRE: After the divorce? You will marry Genois?

SUZANNE: Yes!

ANDRE: He wants it as much as you?

SUZANNE: Yes!

ANDRE: Are you sure?

He continues to urge her not to go, using powerful arguments by keeping back the principal one. "I no longer see you as my wife, I see you again as the nineteen-year-old girl that your father, my dying master, entrusted to my care. Yes, I regard you as a sacred trust. Do not go! I can't let you go to the future that awaits you!"

SUZANNE: The only thing that keeps me alive is the hope of my new life!

ANDRE: New life! That man will lead you straight to ruin. He will make you despise yourself!

SUZANNE: I forbid you to call him "that man," do you hear? I forbid you! Call him "that hero!"

ANDRE: I do not question his courage—

SUZANNE: (after telling of some of her lover's valorous deeds) Oh, he does not possess your surgical skill! He does not operate every morning before a group of enthusiastic students! But all winter he has stood in the trenches, in water up to his waist! Once up North, he never left his post for fourteen days. He slept on dead bodies, ate bread soaked with blood, while you, in Paris, lived in safety and at ease. While you were looking after me so generously—who was protecting you? That man! That soldier you now insult! He protected you not with words but with his breast—confronting the enemy with his body, his poor worn out body which is now—(she breaks off, sobbing).

ANDRE: How sorry I am for you, Suzanne!

SUZANNE: That's not true! You lie! You are a liar. Do you think I do not know? You thought he would be killed!

ANDRE: What?

SUZANNE: Yes, you thought it just as I did! And now you are trying to keep me here until tomorrow. Tomorrow it will be too late—that is how much pity you feel.—

ANDRE: Oh!

SUZANNE: I see how you calculated—from the beginning! From the day of mobilization you counted on his death!

ANDRE: What infamy!



GOADED by her despairing taunts it would seem natural for the husband to expose his hand. He withholds it and the opportunity is later offered him to refuse to make use of the letters, thus proving that he, too, by suffering, has passed higher, has ascended in an elevation of his soul. This scene is broken by the entrance of André's mother to whom, at Suzanne's departure, he confides the secret of the letters and asserts his intention to use this weapon to keep Suzanne. She returns from the station and André starts to carry out his intention but her first words disarm him. By instinct the girl has read her lover through and through. She feels without knowing why, that there has been working in him an unnamed power and it is this which has made him a hero.

SUZANNE: It is dreadful, André, that you should believe that I could wreck a life like yours and degrade myself. It is not true. I swear to you that you are mistaken about Monsieur de Genois. You judge him falsely. The whole world misjudges him. He did not understand himself. And the war has awakened his soul. I told you the truth. From the first he wished to suffer and has risked everything. Not for ambition, not for recompense. No, no! Why then? He has followed only one idea—one only, that of absolute sacrifice—from the day he joined the Army up to the day when he fell. What he has done was to devote his life to the cause—he has the soul of a hero! André, you say he will ruin me? Why? (Continued on page 51)



Photos White

Grace George Lionel Atwill
Suzanne says goodbye to her lover, Genois



Holbrook Blinn Grace George
Suzanne confesses her infidelity to her husband



Lionel Atwill Grace George
Genois, mortally wounded, admits that real love for Suzanne
only came to him amid the horrors of the trenches

SCENES IN BERNSTEIN'S SPIRITUAL WAR PLAY "L'ELEVATION"

A RAY OF HOPE FOR DRAMATIC CRITICISM

By FRANK TUTTLE



IT is an indisputable fact that soda water clerks hate soda water; nor is this condition an accident of fate. It is the direct result of a carefully laid plot on the part of the soda water proprietors, who make it a rule that the soda water clerk may drink all the soda he wants. If there is a single case where a human being survived the possession of this unholy liberty and continued to drink soda after the first week of Dionysic enjoyment, history has a sense of decency and is silent on the point.

Something similar to the fate of the soda water clerk is the lot of the dramatic critic. Despite the fact that a number of unscrupulous persons have been forcibly feeding the theatre of late with art, there are still a few people in New York—about a million, to put the thing in nice round numbers—who go to the theatre to be entertained. In all this legion, however, it is safe to say that there is not a single dramatic critic. A few of these gentlemen may have had entertainment in mind when they were new at the business, but, as was the case with the soda water clerk, that idea lasted only about a week.

With the dramatic critic the tragedy is infinitely more poignant than in the case of the dispenser of soda. When that first lurid week is up, and his appetite for double nut sundaes has been satiated, the soda water clerk doesn't have to keep on drinking sodas. But the dramatic critic is in duty bound obliged to see Lou-Tellegen whenever he acts. The results are lamentable but natural. When the soda water clerk is moody he takes it out by smashing a bottle of prune extract. The critic reacts to mental indigestion by annihilating a play. And there you have it. This situation—this indigestion—has become acute of late. It demands a cure, perhaps several of them.

Why wouldn't it be a splendid idea to give the critic a rest, and send someone else to see the play. Taking a current play at random ("Jack O' Lantern" with Fred Stone) we have shown below what a splendid variety criticism would take on if the following well-known writers were given the pair of seats that usually goes to the critic.

THE SPOUT LIGHT

Not by GRANTLAND RICE

When the Sammies hit their stride,
'Midst the roar of the roaring guns,
When Eli fights side by side
With the Tiger to quell the Huns,
When we are covered with loam,
And have quenched the stirrup-cup,—
Oh! Save Fred Stone for the folks at home
To keep their spirits up!

The thing one always wants to know about an actor is, "What is he going to do next season?" He may be a good actor:—
Or he may not.

But if, each year, he uses the same tricks that he used the year before, he is not giving of his best.

He may even be giving of his worst.

Which brings us to our point that we once heard that Ty Cobb hadn't any new tricks. But we knew better and we said so at the time. And the result of that was that when the dust had cleared away from the end of that season, we could point to what we had said with the self-satisfying comment, "I told you so!"

No one has ever said that Fred Stone uses his old tricks, but—

Some one may!

And if they do we are prepared. We have seen "Jack O' Lantern," and we know. So that if anyone ever does say that Stone repeats himself, it will be one grand little chance for us. We have the line all ready to spring and we shall spring it, never fear. We shall say it, and we shall mean it.

"I told you so!"

WHAT PLAYS WILL WEAR

Not by BEAU NASH

Just as the war has made the military chap enjoy *l'homme qui rit*, so has it induced the "civvy" to turn, willy-nilly, to the *théâtre gai*. Of the musical plays now in New York, perhaps the one enjoying the most *popularité* is "Jack O' Lantern." If this play is not top-hole, may I never see another hand-sewn button-hole! It is more than top-hole, it is positively swish-o! Why Fred Stone's nightmare dance with Violet Zell simply sets the crease in one's panties all a-jelly-wobble!

Notable for their absence in this most char-

mante of plays are the old-fashioned English cut jokes with flat points. The lounge-juveniles, with soft-rolled eyes, and unfinished chintz, are also *persona non grata*. Nap is unknown to the chorus, which is frequently suede, and made up of unattached, rough kids, particularly adapted to winter motoring and cold weather sports.

AN EDITORIAL

Not by ARTHUR BRISBANE

In "Jack O' Lantern" the chorus wig-wags the message Y-O-U-R C-O-U-N-T-R-Y N-E-E-D-S Y-O-U. That is patriotism! And yet there are those who are sorry that women have the vote! This paper has always been in favor of votes for women. We have repeatedly said so in SIGNED STATEMENTS.

However, in case you are an anti and still want to buy this paper, we have also said that we are not in favor of votes for women.

What could be fairer than that? And yet some people still say that this paper IS NOT BROADMINDED. This paper has also said, "Your country needs you!" And like the wonderful hard-working little American women in "Jack O' Lantern," we mean what we say. Your country does need you, MR. ORDINARY MAN! It needs you right here in New York, at your regular job of making one-piece collar buttons in two pieces, or whatever it may be. That is SERVING YOUR COUNTRY. Mr. Wilson may say that your country needs you in France, but he is only the President, while this paper is THE WORKINGMAN'S FRIEND. We have made this paper and all our papers FOR THE WORKINGMAN—and, anyway, our income is three times as big as the President's.

YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU! What a wonderful message for America's young manhood.

Did you ever stop to think what it will mean if they keep on sending American money and troops abroad? It will mean that American troops and money will keep on being sent abroad. Think of it! What will we do if Mexico attacks us? Or Canada? Or Thibet? There can be no doubt about it that it would be a much more far-sighted policy to let Germany win the war, and much easier—for Germany.

YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU!

STAND BY THE PRESIDENT!
BUY A BOND!

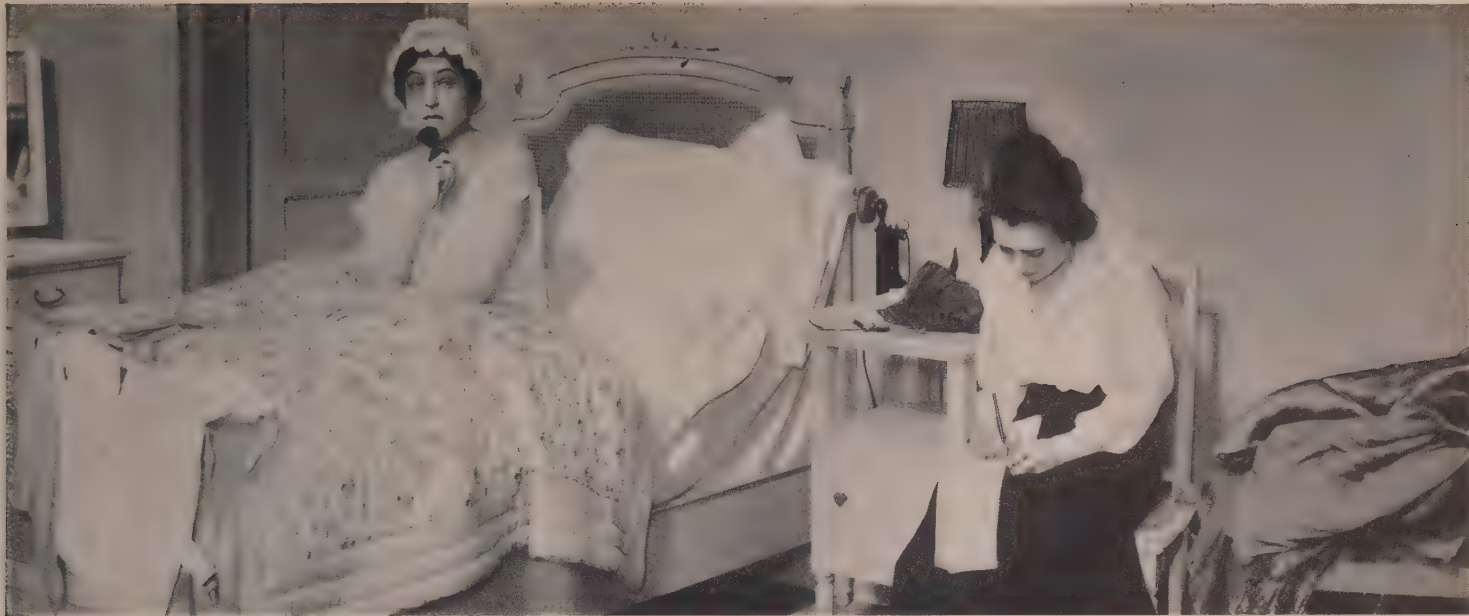
CROWD GATHERS
AT THEATRE

Not by a "TIMES
REPORTER

At 8.15 last night, a large crowd gathered at the Globe Theatre. A

(Concluded on page 51)



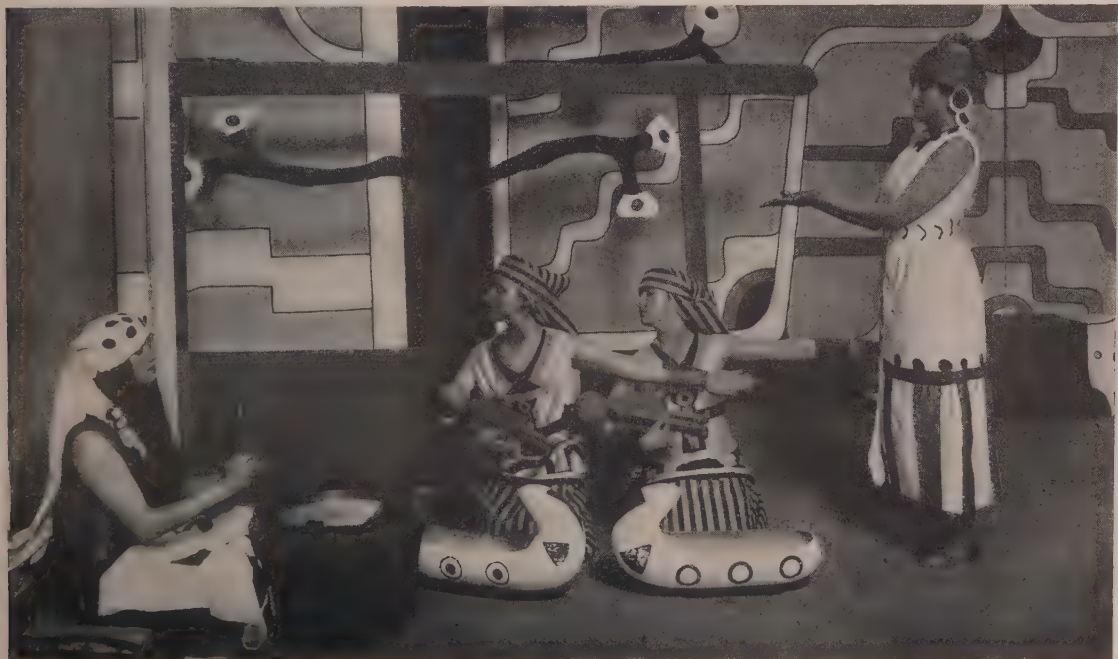


Photos White

Helen Westley and Florence Enright in "The Critic's Comedy," by Samuel Kaplan



Kate Morgan, Marjorie Vonnegut, Marjorie McClintock, Robert Strange and Jay Strong in "The Girl in the Coffin," by Theodore Dreiser



Katherine Cornell

Marjorie McClintock

Marjorie Vonnegut

Helen Westley

SCENE IN THE GROTESQUE PANTOMIME "YUM CHAPAB" By Beatrice de Holthoir and J. García Pimentel

"The Critic's Comedy" is a satire on would-be lady critics of forty who marry worthless young husbands

"The Girl in the Coffin"—an intense study of labor problems, rather gruesome, but the best piece on the bill

"Yum Chapab," a pantomime founded on a Maya legend, decorative and grotesque in treatment

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS IN NATIVE PLAYS

KEEPING THE SOLDIER AMUSED

By MONTROSE J. MOSES



THE problem of amusing the soldier looms up big in the plans of the Allies to win this war. Long before the question became imminent to the United States, we had Associated Press dispatches describing the mid-night express running between the London Music Halls and the battlefields of France, and English theatrical managers were trying to measure the influence of trench life on theatrical amusement.

Now that the United States is actually involved in conflict with Germany, the problem is driven home, and we find myriad organizations trying to solve "amusing the soldier" according to their own lights. Two of the most inspiring descriptions of the influence of art on the fighting man which have been brought to our notice, have been Madame Bernhardt's impression of the effect of her acting on the soldiers of France, and Wythe Williams' description of the impression made upon a Parisian audience by Chenal's singing the "*Marseillaise*." If we can, in the midst of war, produce upon the soldier, by the presentation of a play, such effect as that described by Madame Bernhardt then theatrical amusement has its definite place in the serious issues of the day. She wrote:

"No audience in Paris ever flattered me so much. Because no audience ever felt so truly, so sincerely the art of my life and its meaning to the soul. They did not suffer in the tragedy of the play; they rose to it. They did not cry with watery tears that streamed down their faces; the tears just filled their eyes so that they could see better the great destiny of their own lives."



IF that is the effect the acting of Sarah Bernhardt had upon the soldier of France, what a field it must suggest to Marc Klaw, who has been given the privilege of organizing and managing the Liberty Theatres for the different cantonments now in operation. One cannot lose sight of the phrasing used by Wythe Williams in his description of the rendering of the "*Marseillaise*," by Mlle. Chenal at the Opéra Comique:

"As I came out of the theatre with a silent audience," he wrote, "I said to myself that a nation with a song and a patriotism such as I had just witnessed, could not vanish from the earth nor cannot be vanquished."

One is tempted to emphasize these two supreme art moments in the records of embattled France because they deal with the two elements, drama and music, which are to play the most important parts in this question of the soldier and amusement.

The United States Government, as soon as the large draft army was in full swing, organized a Commission of Training Camp Activities. While it was not definitely stated in so many words that the object of this Commission would be to direct in proper channels the emotional feelings of over a million men; while in their plans for what they called "over-seas recreation," the Commission did not definitely state that their activity was backed by the slogan, "Away from Paris"; still there is no doubt that the chief object of this Commission is more or less an educational and corrective one. The soldier is to be subjected to a Chautauqua course of instruction, lectures, theatrical performances and concerts. Wherever he goes, he is to find himself besieged on all hands by this zealous spirit of guidance and amusement.

Much good will come out of it. Each cantonment will have its special theatre, erected at the expense of the Government, and drawing its artistic life from the life of the theatre under the control of the legitimate theatrical manager. Singers of note, like Harry Lauder, David Bispham and Madame Schumann-Heink have volunteered their services, and already they have faced groups of ten, fifteen, twenty and twenty-five thousand men. The Y. M. C. A., always to the fore in matters of entertainment for the social betterment of the people, has organized a course of lectures, dealing with the history of our Allies, making clear what we are fighting for, discussing subjects undoubtedly related to the soldiers' work; and in addition, the American Library Association, knowing that, in his spare time, the soldier often longs for proper reading, has organized camp libraries which will be directed with the co-operation of the Y. M. C. A.



ALTOGETHER, this is a busy time for the Commission, for the Y. M. C. A., and for the Knights of Columbus who are taking care of their Catholic soldiers. The question in my mind is not so much whether there will be enough entertainment for the soldier, as whether that entertainment, first of all, is going to be of the proper standard, and whether, on the other hand, the soldier is going to be left alone with himself long enough to satisfy the sense of quiet which should come to all of us at some time or other under every circumstance. With the very kindest intentions in the world, well-meaning organizations are going to intrude upon the privacy of the soldier, are going to overdo this well-intentioned maternal feeling for the boy who is drafted—a feeling which is overflowing in most sentimental literature and most maudlin songs.

Already, a complete circuit of moving pictures for the different camps, large and small, has been organized. Already the Keith vaudeville circuit has been put into effect; and Mr. Klaw, among his other plans, is calculating to have the best theatrical companies give special performances in the Liberty Theatres at the lowest cost, twenty-five cents being the highest price paid for a seat. Among those dramatists who have given their plays without royalty is Winchell Smith. Among those artists who have asked for a Sunday evening is Miss Maude Adams. It will be interesting, as soon as the theatres are in operation, to see what standards of taste will succeed in drawing the greatest numbers. Because a theatre, so dependent on the problem of sex in its plays, is not going to be the theatre which will have its healthiest effect on the soldiers, unless that sex strain is coupled with a certain spiritual value which rises far above the senses.



IT must be remembered that the audiences which will confront these players are no longer mixed audiences; they are composed of men who are training for battle, who are cut aloof from all home ties. The consequence is, there will have to be a careful censorship—no "Follies," no "Revues" of the Broadway type. In other words, if there are musical comedies, they must be decent musical comedies. In fact, decency is the cry, from the soldiers in the

trenches. These soldiers have already uttered their protest against the salacious entertainment which has been sent to them from Paris, the Paris which, when the theatres opened after the threatened "fall," gave Corneille's "Horace," and then gradually sank to the level where revues and plays were filled with innuendoes and vulgarity. The critics in the French newspapers began to cry aloud that it was wrong to identify pornography with gaiety. "Of course," writes one, "we must not expect this change (to the higher drama) to come from a certain set of Parisians who seem not to know that we are living in war times, and who for these years have tried to live as though the war did not exist. The change will come from those who have felt, through the war, the deepest emotion. It will come through our soldiers."

We hope Marc Klaw and his very distinguished committee, comprising such names as Mr. Belasco, Mr. Harris, Mr. Cohan, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Selwyn and Mr. Shubert, have looked into this matter from the standpoint of the soldier already in the field.

In the meantime, the Liberty Theatres are being built. They will seat large numbers. They will consist of one floor. Each theatre, in accordance with the old stock days, will have its set of scenery, and in order to raise an amount of money which the Government has failed to appropriate for the actual running of these theatres, Mr. Klaw is issuing what he calls "Smile-age" tickets in books of one hundred, and twenty-five. These tickets, through the Stage Women's War Relief, and through other agencies, will be sold to the public with the idea that they may be sent to the soldiers in the camps as presents. What the programmes will be, Mr. Klaw has not yet announced.



AS far as the soldier's participation in these theatres is concerned, acting on the methods already in effect with the Y. M. C. A. dramatic talent will likewise be drawn from the different regiments. Sam Harris, Irving Berlin and George Cohan are already on the lookout for those soldiers who are able to do their "Stunts" in entertainments of their own. This indicates that the dramatic instinct, as a means of self-expression and as practiced in our schools during the past few years, is to be called into service in the camps.

This same effort to enlist the soldiers' artistic talents is being exercised in the case of music. Each camp or cantonment has its song leader—a man who must not only have the singing voice, but must also have many of the pugilistic qualities of Billy Sunday, in order to have far-reaching effects before a crowd,—sometimes without sounding board to carry his voice, sometimes without cornet to carry the tune, but always with his own power of musical persuasiveness.

For the drafted men there is an edition of "Songs of the Soldiers and Sailors"—over a million copies have been issued,—containing the words of all their favorite pieces, as well as the sentimental songs of a past day familiar to the camps of the soldiers of the Civil War. The first thing done by these song leaders, who are very much like the cheer leaders of a football game, is to mobilize the officers, and to train them in turn to be leaders—a kind of officers' song reserve corps.



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The boys at Fort Slocum enjoying a vaudeville entertainment furnished by the B. F. Keith circuit



Schumann Heink singing to the Soldiers at Presidio, San Francisco, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.



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Harry Lauder giving a war talk at the Y. M. C. A. camp at Crowboro, Sussex, England

MUSIC AND DRAMA KEEPS THE SOLDIER HAPPY

THE NEW YEAR IN VAUDEVILLE

By NELLIE REVELL



AS 1917 departs into history and 1918 is foisted on a theatrical world already athrob with anxiety, Queen Variety contemplates the task of rearing the new born to maturity with mingled feelings of apprehension and confidence. She is naturally apprehensive less the offspring has inherited fickle ancestral traits, but still confident of her ability to exercise espionage and administer corrective methods as in the past.

Before 1917 shuffles off this mortal coil leaving 1918 to struggle for life under the malignant influence of Mars, the result of the efforts to conform to his erratic preferences became manifest in many ways. American vaudeville was placed squarely on its mettle. Early in the world-wide conflict the cosmopolitan character of variety began to change because of the demands made by the belligerents for their subjects of military age in this country and the restrictions and hardships imposed upon ocean travelers. By the time the United States entered the fray the gradual tightening up of the regulations effecting alien enemies removed from public view most of the foreign entertainers. The depleted ranks had to be filled from native sources, and the home product, thank you, has proved quite equal to the emergency. There are even those—and the writer is not unnumbered among them—who are happy in the belief that artists bearing the stamp "Made in America" are superior to any importations.



BUT as war conditions are as vacillating as the shifting sands it was not to be expected that the only effect would be the Americanizing of vaudeville. Just about the time we were beginning to be glad that native born actors were forced to forego their annual pilgrimages to Europe and the four corners of the earth America was absorbed into the vortex of the war whirlpool and we had to observe that a number of familiar masculine faces were missing. The dailies conveyed tidings of their presence "over there" or their preparations for that momentous journey.

Before conscription and consecration to a cause began to pluck vaudevillians from our fascinated gaze, the trend of the times became evident in the increase in the number of "single" women entertainers, and the teaming of women with women. Actresses who were wont to be paired with male partners acquired associates of their own sex. Headliners who enjoyed the luxury of male piano players substituted accompanists with skirts. To-day there are more women working individually and in partnership than ever before in the history of American vaudeville.

While it is true that not all of these combinations have been formed because the former male partners have responded to the call to the colors, this necessity is responsible for many and in most of the remaining instances the war demands and the resultant new conditions are indirectly liable. The reason for the rest may be attributed to woman's propensity to prepare for the future, as evidenced by canning the winter's fruit in the summer and planning and furnishing summer cottages in the winter, for just as surely as the world is going to be made safe for democracy so are women entertainers going to fill any vacancies occurring in vaudeville, the possibility of a dearth of male performers through the dura-

tion of the war having been long anticipated either by intuition or foresight. However, it so happens that vaudeville is the only branch of the amusement business that the war cannot possibly cripple. Male actors are necessary to play masculine rôles in the drama but a complete vaudeville bill can be played by women without any effort and with no diminution of interest to the audience unless the caramel cohorts lament the absence of the handsome matinée idol.



THE year 1917 not only saw vaudeville give up to the dubious mercies of grim-visaged war hosts of its favorite sons and millions of its subjects' dollars to help equip them, but it also countenanced the commercialization of patriotism, which conversely is not so much to its credit. Particular reference is made to the despicable practice of permitting husky young men of recruiting age to sing patriotic songs while camouflaging in soldier uniforms. As the theme of most of these is the urging of everyone to do his bit, the suspicion has been created in many minds that if the lusty-lunged youths in the ultra-tailored khaki suits were doing their bits for their country instead of their bits for the music publishers, they wouldn't be there.

Of course it may have been they couldn't pass the physical examination of the Army—it is most discouraging in tumultuous times like these to learn how many organic imperfections may be concealed in the person of an apparently robust patriotic vaudeville singer—but for that matter I know a whole lot of them who couldn't pass a vocal examination either, yet they manage to make a mockery of patriotism. Rigid regulations confining the wearing of Uncle Sam's uniforms on the stage to real, red-blooded warriors would speedily remedy this evil, and such provision will no doubt be made in due course of time.



ALTHOUGH with war taxes, Liberty Loans and the always ascending high cost of living, the spirit of the day is markedly towards the curtailment of expenditures, the last gasps of 1917 did not note any tendency in this direction so far as vaudeville productions are concerned. When it comes to sheer pretentiousness, I don't remember when there were so many extravagantly produced acts in vaudeville. They flash across the vision in such bewildering profusion, the last more gorgeous in lavishness than the one immediately preceding, that one begins to wonder if the two-a-day producers haven't located the mine where the movie millions come from. By the same token, 1918 may be expected to witness a continuance of this policy of elaborate scenic and costumed embellishments unless the exigencies of the occasion will require the appointing of a governmental stage director to exercise control over such matters.

As already observed women are very much to the fore in vaudeville these days. Scan the list of players who achieved distinction with new vehicles in the metropolitan theatres the past month and such names greet the eye as Evelyn Nesbit, Florence Tempest, Bessie Clayton, Beatrice Herford, Maud Earl, Blossom Seeley and Lois Josephine, not to overlook Florence Walton, of Maurice and Walton, Blanche Dayne of

Cressy and Dayne, Mrs. Jimmie Barry, of Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry, Ernestine Myers, of Randall and Myers and Leila McIntyre of Hyams and McIntyre.

Miss Nesbit, for instance, gave further evidence that her popularity is founded on ability and not notoriety by appearing in a new offering coming under the classification of elaborate productions and with a new partner, Bobbie O'Neill, replacing Jack Clifford, heretofore regarded in some quarters as a very essential prop to her performance. Singing and dancing blended with a story and adorned with the title "A Roseland Fantasy," constitute their divertissement.

Singing songs written by her sister, Marion Sunshine, long associated with her in professional life but at present concentrating her energies upon the creation of popular melodies, Florence Tempest is disclosed among other things as quite the cunningest soldier on the stage. However, after hearing her rendition of the ditty, "*Doing His Bit for the Girls*" while so clothed, one questions how effective Miss Tempest would be in routing a male enemy or repelling boarders. It is easier to conceive of her vanquishing an entire army corps by humanitarian methods unknown in modern warfare.



WHEN reference was made earlier in this article to pretentious productions in vaudeville recollection was not faint about the character of the present vehicle of Bessie Clayton. "The Intimate Dance Revue of 1917" is the rather ambitious title Miss Clayton has bestowed upon a most ambitious entertainment. Assisting her is a company of dancers, singers and musicians. These, with scenic and costumed accessories to lend atmosphere and proper background to Miss Clayton's terpsichorean skill combine to make an offering which renders hopelessly inadequate the term class.

The dominant note of novelty is struck and played by Maud Earl in her latest contribution called "The Vocal Verdict." This entertainment is participated in as well as enjoyed by the audience, who at last is given stage recognition as the jury which passes on theatrical efforts instead of the manager or booking agent with whom artists negotiate all engagements.

As explained in the prologue of "The Vocal Verdict," there is a dearth of novelties in vaudeville. This is admitted by Vaudeville impersonated by Langdon Gillet. But along comes Miss Earl in the rôle of Novelty only to be mistaken by Vaudeville as Conventionality. Her claims to distinction make little impress upon him but he promises to be fair with her and invites her to the Court of Public Approval in which Vaudeville proceeds to prove that she is Novelty to the complete satisfaction of the judge and the jury. Presented with special settings, the fantasy gives promise of a long life in the vaudevilles as well as adding to Miss Earl's laurels.

A subdued Blossom Seeley appears in her latest offering labelled "Seeley's Syncopated Studio" and calling for the aid of five assistants, one of whom manipulates a jazz cornet from the orchestra pit with telling results. Ragtime numbers are Mrs. Rube Marquard's main stock in trade as since the days of the "Todaloo girl," but she is not the coon shouter of that period when boisterousness was the principal asset.



Roland Young Phoebe Foster

Act I. Ned asks for a hint to gain Frances' love



Ernest Glendinning Phoebe Foster

Act II. Frances meets the adventurer who Ned has hired to kidnap her



Mr. Glendinning Miss Foster

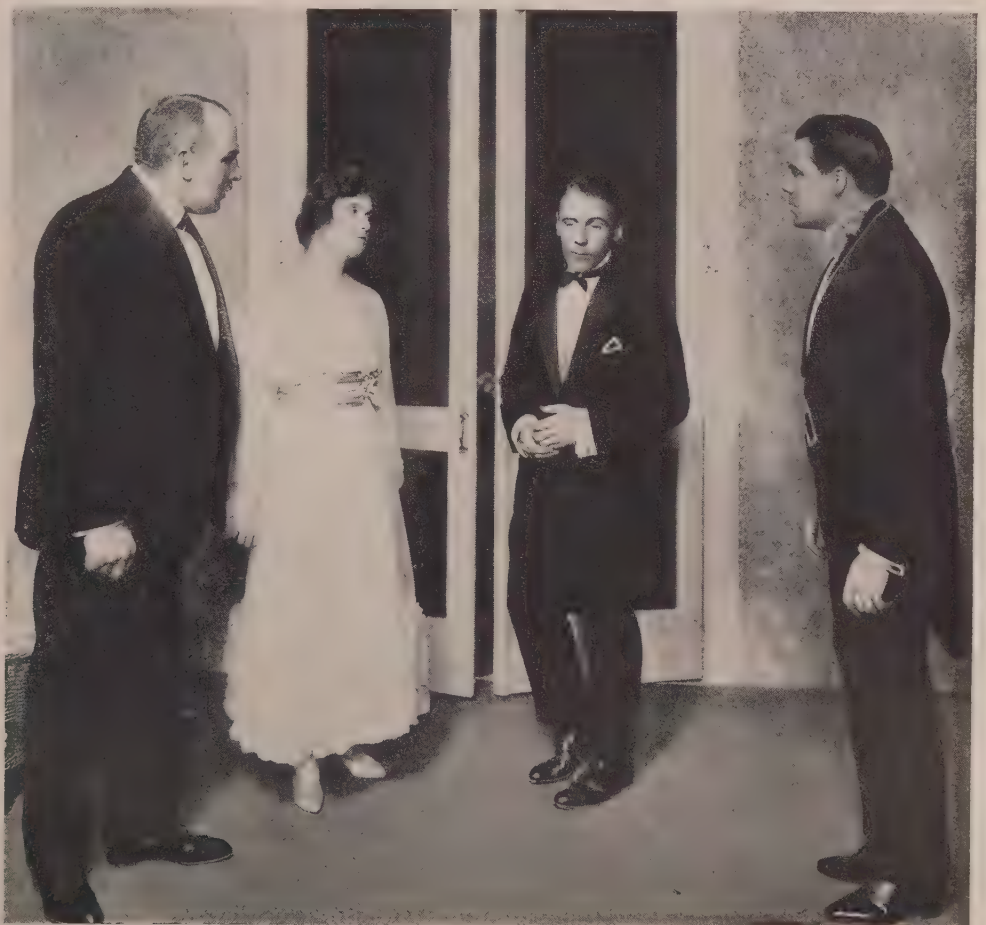
Act II. The abduction

Ned, finding that Frances would like him better if he were more romantic, decides to kidnap her, but he is careful to gain her father's consent and to have a chaperone on the spot. Michael, a young adventurer, accompanies them as chauffeur. His delightful account of the gypsy trail, of high adventure and romance gain for him Frances' affections



Mr. Glendinning Frank Longacre

Act III. The "gypsy" and Frances' little brother become better acquainted



Robert Cummings Miss Foster

Mr. Young Mr. Glendinning

Act III. Frances chooses in favor of romance and selects her gypsy lover



José Ruben as Alfred de Musset, Mrs. Fiske as George Sand in Philip Moeller's comedy "Madame Sand"



Marie Chambers and Lou Tellegen in "Blind Youth," a new play at the Republic Theatre



Photos White

Jerome Patrick

Percy Marmont

Ann Murdock

Rex McDougall

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The three bears find Goldylocks asleep in their house

SCENE IN EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER'S COMEDY "THE THREE BEARS"

FAIRY TALES AND HISTORY AMONG RECENT PLAYS

MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



THEATRE DU VIEUX COLOMBIER. "LES FOURBERIES DE SCAPIN." Farce in three acts by Molière. Produced on December 3rd, with the following cast:

Argante	François Gournac
Géronte	Louis Juvet
Octave	Marcel Millet
Léandre	Jean Sarment
Zerbinette	Jane Lory
Hyacinthe	Madeleine Geoffroy
Scapin	Jacques Copeau
Sylvestre	Marcel Vallée
Nérine	Eugénie Nau

IT is always pleasant to be able to extend a hand of welcome to foreign artistes whose sincerity in standing up for the highest stage ideals cannot be questioned. "To provide beautiful works with interpreters worthy of them, to choose these works without any thought given to school, prejudice and fashion, to give first place to the work itself by the sobriety of staging, a truthfulness of acting, and the modesty of the actor"—such is the ambitious programme which Jacques Copeau and his French colleagues have set themselves at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier on West 35th Street.

"Don't judge us by what people say of us, judge us by what we do," says M. Copeau. If compelled to judge the French players only by their opening bill I should have to admit that they did very little. The piece selected, a farce 200 years old, is tiresome in the extreme, viewed by modern standards, and the acting, with the exception of the chief performer, was quite negligible.

"Les Fourberies de Scapin" is one of Molière's later pieces and was plainly suggested by the Italian "Comedia dell' arte" of the 16th century. Scapin, the sly, resourceful valet, is none other than our old friend Scaramouche, or Harlequin, as the English-speaking stage knows him better. The plot has to do with the dexterity with which the shrewd rascal bamboozles two querulous old men, and assists two brace of lovers, not forgetting to profit himself.

A piece crude in its humor, quite devoid of beauty of language, with situations that are only mildly diverting, and without the external

aids of beauty in costuming and scenery, cannot fail to prove tedious, and I confess I grew weary long before the end of the second act. Such a dramatic menu may have satisfied the gallants and ladies of the grand monarch's court, but prosaic old New York wants more substantial fare—even on meatless days.

As Scapin, M. Copeau reveals acting ability of a high order. He is graceful, intelligent, forceful—above all he is extraordinarily agile and lithe. The other members of the company were not so satisfactory. M. Gournac is not the querulous, grouchy old Argante which Molière drew. Can't you see Stoddart in that rôle? The Frenchman did not convey the illusion of age which is fatal to verisimilitude. The Géronte, acted by M. Juvet, was better, but again the actor was too young for the part. It was imitating age, not acting it. M. Juvet's "make-up," too, was not good. He looked as ghastly as a walking corpse, for which, perhaps, the lighting was responsible.

The costumes lacked the richness and variety that we are accustomed to see in American theatres. I wonder if Molière himself would have dared to display such shabby habiliments to the quality at Versailles. The action takes place on a raised dais or *tréteau* after the 16th century manner. Frankly, I don't see the sense of the *tréteau*. It distracts from the scene, and has no *raison d'être*. The stage, without the customary wings, and with a cold, unnatural light, looked bare and unattractive as a barn.

I'd like to see what Granville Barker would do with this piece. He, too, knows how to preserve the spirit of the Molière period, but he does not insist on rendering it bare and ugly. On the contrary, he gives it all the embellishments that the resources of modern art can provide.

In his second bill, M. Copeau shows such a decided improvement that one marvels he did not make it the opening program. Costumes and accessory play their wonted part and M. Copeau, shows that he is but mortal, after all.

The bill is made up of three one-act plays, a modern piece by the recently deceased Henri Becque and as

dull as his better-known long plays, a farce of the youthful Molière which few persons stopped to see, and a piece by Prosper Merimée, called "Le Carosse du Saint Sacrement." Merimée, a product of the second Empire, who touched nothing that he did not adorn, published this play under the pseudonym of Clara Gazul, an imaginary Spanish actress. It has never been translated, far less played in English, but it pre-eminently deserves both, for the piece is a dramatic jewel of the first water. Atmosphere and period were present and Gournac, who acted the rôle of the gouty and jealous Don Andres, gave a performance which deserves no less a word than magnificent. Lucienne Bogaert, as his mistress and protagonist, was acceptable and would have seemed more so had nature given her a Spanish face. Her costume was a Velasquez, cut from the canvas and it made women gasp. The play won a triumph.

In the third bill, Alfred de Musset's "Barberine," more opportunity was given to the women of the company. Mlle. Noizeux, a pretty and talented actress, played the title rôle with much charm and authority.

PLAYHOUSE. "L'ELEVATION." Play in three acts by Henri Bernstein. Produced November 14. Cast:

Professor Andre Cartier	Holbrook Blinn
Professor Courtin	Howard Kyle
Louis De Genois	Lionel Atwill
Jules	John Cromwell
Jacques Courtin	Vinton Freedley
Richard	E. John Kennedy
Suzanne Cartier	Grace George
Madame Cartier	Kate Blanche
Germaine Ledru	Esther Howard
Sabine Boutard	Norah Lamison
Madame Gilquin	Alison Skipworth
Odette Hamon	Florence Flynn
Mme. De Sauvaige	Florence Wollerson
Blanche	Mabel Knowles

IT hardly seems to me, from the technical standpoint, that "L'Elevation" is a very well made drama, but I can well understand that of the many war plays Bernstein's was the one calculated to appeal to the Parisian public.

This particular Gallic playwright may always be depended upon for at least one scene of high power pressure. "L'Elevation" has several of them. Bernstein has taken the eternal tri-

angulation for his basis, given it several original twists and leavened it with the spirit of France and the elevating spiritual renaissance that must come from this long, drawn-out, bloody and hideous struggle for the democratization of the world. The story of the play will be found on another page. Grace George as Suzanne showed how wide-reaching, fluent and polished is her art. Her emotional moments were expressed with a simplicity powerful indeed in their compelling conviction. Holbrook Blinn as the husband gave an admirably contrasted picture and the lover was acted with notable distinction and feeling by Lionel Atwill. Kate Blancke, Howard Kyle, Alison Skipworth and Florence Wollerson lent capable expression to some of the less important rôles.

COHAN. "THE KING." Comedy in three acts by G. A. de Caillavet, Robert de Flers and Emmanuel Arène. Produced on November 20th, with this cast:

Serge IV	Leo Ditrichstein
Lelorain	Ben Johnson
Langlois	Walter Howe
Corneau	John Bedouin
Marquis de Chamarande	A. G. Andrews
Vicomte de Chamarande	Phillips Tead
Blond	Fritz Williams
Bourdier	Robert McWade
Rivolet	Wm. H. Powell
Pierre	Harry Manners
Edouard	Almiro Leone
Raoul	Gaston Pollari
Francois	Henry Richel
Rudini	Wm. Ricciardi
Gen. Castel-Trepeau	Arthur Vincent
Mme. Castel-Trepeau	Jennie Fuld
Bishop of Evreux	Louis Mountjoy
Mayor of Vigny	J. M. Handley
The Mayoress	Josie Stella
The Prefect	Patzi Ragone
Madame La Prefect	Dixie Buford
Mons. Pringat	Gustav Bowhan
Madame Pringat	Marion Cake
Zdenko	Alexis Polianov
Therese Manix	Betty Callish
Marthe Bourdier	Dorothy Mortimer
Susette Bourdier	Miriam Doyle
Angele	Ruth Kuerth
Mlle. Georgette	Cora Witherspoon
Mlle. Francine L'Egard	Pauline Smith

ANY playgoer who pays his \$2 plus the war tax for admission these days to the Cohan Theatre will get a real run for his money, which is more than can be said if he goes to many of the thousand and one other theatres now competing for the limited public patronage.

Ditrichstein, in the title rôle of "The King," is a sheer artistic joy. The comedy is a witty, ingenious and diverting effort, replete with telling political and social satire, and translated and adapted too with a devotion to the original which re-

tains all the Attic flavor and Gallic salt of the piece as acted in Paris.

The King of Moldavia makes a visit to the French capital. His experiences there, amatory and political, form the basis of the plot which incidentally and satirically throw highly diverting sidelights on the snobbish appreciation all Republics have for royalty and how the most intense radicals may be tamed by personal association with blood royal. It is all very cynical but beneath the fable is a strong undercurrent of convincing truth and realism.

Ditrichstein as Serge IV, King of Moldavia, emphasizes distinction itself. In bearing, manner and speech he is royalty *soi-même*, while the artist further stands forth in that he does not disturb the general balance by a too personal projection of the player's self.

And generous too is he as a star for Bourdier, the Socialist member of the Chamber is an equally important rôle with the titular part. That sterling actor, Robert McWade, personates it with an aggressive humor that brings out its every value. His little bourgeois wife is played with simple graciousness and personal charm by Dorothy Mortimer. Ben Johnson brings convincing praise to the rôle of the Prime Minister and A. G. Andrews denotes the Marquis de Chamarande with sure touches of aristocratic distinction. While hardly true to type Betty Callish is neatly expert as the intriguing actress.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "BEHIND A WATTEAU PICTURE." Fantasy in two scenes by Robert E. Rogers, with incidental music by W. Franke Harling. "EFFICIENCY." Play in one act by Robert H. Davis and Perley Poore Sheehan. "THE FESTIVAL OF BACCHUS." Comedy in one act by Arthur Schnitzler, translated by Charles Henry Meltzer. Produced on November 15th, with the following players:

Eugene Ward, Margaret Fareleigh, Harold Meltzer, Everett Glass, Edwin Strawbridge, Joseph Macaulay, Remo Bufano, Frank W. McDonald, David Pennington, Leonard Brooke, Hal Lapham, George Weston, Fania Marinoff, Sydney Carlyle, Frank Conroy.

MR. FRANK CONROY'S new Greenwich Village Theatre on Sheridan Square sets a high standard with its opening bill. Mr. Conroy has only two things to get in order to win continued success. These two things are equally good plays and playgoers enough who are will-

ing to venture into the Village. An excellent little playhouse he already has.

The actor-manager begins with "The Festival of Bacchus," a desultory skit in which the Schnitzler schnitzels to no great effect. Anyway, a husband checks his runaway wife and her inane lover by explaining how the couples who passed through the trial marriage of the Greek Bacchanalia rarely wanted to live together permanently. If the playlet is bright in the original, it has lost most of its scintillance in the translation.

"Efficiency" is a grim little satire that should delight those amiable humanitarians who believe the Germans to be a race of innocents who will one day wake up and destroy the rulers who alone are responsible for the great assault on civilization. In the play a scientist exhibits to the emperor a wounded man who has been reconstructed—with steel legs and brass hands and tin ears and telescopic eyes—and is now a supersoldier. Left alone with Majesty, this triumph of efficiency curses his kaiser and throttles him.

Mr. Conroy's *pièce de résistance* is a fantasy in rhyme called "Behind a Watteau Picture." The bored marquise and her two faithful gallants resolve to explore the garden behind them. Their experience is disconcerting. The garden belongs to a melancholy Pierrot who is about to slay his Columbine because she is a butterfly in love and flits from flower to flower. The two strange gallants interfere, are bewitched by Columbine and kill each other in a duel. The marquise departs heartbroken, leaving a still more melancholy Pierrot sitting in the light of the moon. The little play is pictorially exquisite. It is worth going to Sheridan Square, or even to Grand Street, to see.

The acting in all three plays is praiseworthy. Mr. Conroy plays the Schnitzler husband deftly and also makes an interesting kaiser. Mr. Joseph Macaulay scores as the reconstructed soldier and as the agile Harlequin of the Watteau piece. Mr. Sydney Carlyle is an effective Pierrot despite a Frances White lisp, and Miss Fania Marinoff makes a charming and convincing Columbine.

PLYMOUTH. "THE GYPSY TRAIL." Romance in three acts by Robert Housum. Produced on December 4th, with this cast:

Frank Raymond	Robert Cummings
Janet Raymond	Katharine Emmet
John Raymond	Frank Longacre

Stiles	Charles Hanna
Frances Raymond	Phoebe Foster
Edward Andrews	Roland Young
Michael	Ernest Glendinning
Mrs. Widdimore	Effie Ellsler
Ellen	Margaret Sayres

IF any "stickit" playwright present at the opening performance of this charming play did not wish that he had written it he must have drunk so deep of the poppy of his own failures as to be oblivious of its charm.

Here, at length, late in the season, is a clean, interesting, novel and amusing piece that answers all the demands that the persons who address letters to the editor about the drama have been calling for since last August. And to judge by the rapt attention of audiences through speeches as long as Shaw it seems safe to say that they find in this play what they want. It is true that the long speeches are brightly written, and brightly spoken by Mr. Glendinning, whose inconsequent part gives the title force, and one can picture oneself yawning if they had fallen to the wrong man.

Michael, in this play, is a young man who has never grown up, who has led a most adventurous adolescence, who can cook chicken *à la King* and play the ukulele. The story, slight enough, recounts most pleasantly how he suddenly saw the "one girl" and, though he ran away, had to come back to her, and deserting the gypsy trail, settle down in a house! There is no more to it than this, but the charm wrought by the author is potent all the same. He has a most valuable gift and can turn the obvious into the unexpected by the simplest means.

Mr. Hopkins has staged the little play correctly and engaged a fine cast. Phoebe Foster is satisfactorily sweet and girl-like.

PARK. "THE LAND OF JOY." Review in prologue and two acts. Music by Quinto Valverde. Book by J. F. Elizondo and E. Velasco. Adaptation and lyrics by Ruth Boyd Ober. Produced on November 1st, with this cast :

Dolores	Ruth Boyd
Valencienne	Maria Marco
Mercedes	Nannette Flack
Zobeida	Luisita Puchol
Schuyler Wrightwell	Geo. Lydecker
Almanzor	Manuel Villa
Toreador	Antonio Bilbao
Marchosito	Amparo Saus
Gypsy Dancers	Dolorettes, Mazantinita
Pepe Hillo	Jesus Navarro
Jerezano	Carmen Lopez
L'Argentina	

AT last something in the theatre to rave about! Almost unheralded the Quinto Valverde review, "The Land of Joy," slipped into the capacious but remote Park Theatre, and since then everybody who has any taste for music, dancing, color and animation has been going there.

First, there was L'Argentina—now no longer in the cast. She was the most artistic, skilled and graceful of Spanish dancers, whose personality simply radiated fascination. Next to her in both skill and personal charm—though in all respects utterly different—is Dolorettes. If some great magician were to endow with life a bottle of tabasco, it would undoubtedly dance as Dolorettes, does. She is fire, agility, grace, mystery, supreme skill, and a lot of other interesting things concentrated and quintessential.

Then there is a trio of soubrettes who really ought to be subsidized by the State so that they could found a school to teach native musical comedy "artistes" how to "put over" their songs. More especially there is Maria Marco, whose soprano voice is lovely and whose technique is exquisite. Her singing of "Holy Week" is one of the musical events of the year.

Antonio Bilbao is a most amazingly expert dancer. He is also a gifted comedian when he has an opportunity. There are others who deserve individual commendation, but I must pass them over. I haven't said a word yet about the chorus which can both sing and dance amazingly and which wears what strikes me as being the most gorgeous costumes the New York stage has seen—laces and embroideries and fringed shawls an attempt to describe which would baffle even a dry goods trade journal's expert.

Valverde's music is always charming, rich and colorful; so there is a feast for the ear always as for the eye. A stupid threat of American "plot" and "comedy" that runs through the review is quite negligible. It serves merely as a foil for the Spanish part of the entertainment.

At the moment I can think of no more pleasant way of passing an evening than to watch and listen to Dolorettes, Maria Marco and all the rest.

COMEDY. WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS. "The Critic's Comedy," a play by Samuel Kaplan. "Neighbors," a play by Zona Gale. "The

Girl in the Coffin," a play by Theodore Dreiser. "Yum Chapab," a pantomime founded on Maya Legends, by Beatrice de Holthoir and J. Garcia Pimental. Produced on December 3, with these players:

Marjorie McClintock,	Kate Morgan,
Marjorie Vonnegut,	Jay Strong,
Robert Strange,	Frederick Roland,
Arthur Hohl,	Florence Enright,
Katherine Cornell,	Helen Westley,
Harry Ehlers,	Vincent Ioncelli,
Edward Balzerit,	Arthur Balsamo,
Frances Ross,	Bobbie Edwards.

THE Washington Square Players are so venturesome in their excursions in search of the new, sometimes failing and perhaps just as often succeeding, that one is, by habit, inclined to say about each new bill: "This is the worst ever," or, "This is altogether the best they have ever done."

This time they are not carrying a heavy load, or any load at all, of foreign deadweight, heavy with that kind of sodden immorality that some foolish minds think is new, but which is as old as original sin. The new bill is pan-American, with the exception of a pantomime which concerns a legend of the Mayas, three thousand years old, the Mayas having "transmigrated" from Africa to Yucatan. It is full of color, and a bird egg, a childless woman and a beggar who comes thirsting, and a hunter who comes on horseback, the egg growing bigger all the time, from which issues and is born, My Lord, the Dwarf, Yum Chapab who goes forth and finally marries the Princess. "And the Bird of Fecundity flies over the mountains and across the plains to bear more eggs to the women who yearn." It is undeniable that the Players do these nothings incomparably well.

A really strong play is "The Girl in the Coffin," a drama by Theodore Dreiser. Here is something that does not strain after novelty, and yet is new and true and vital. That the girl lies in her coffin on the stage is incidental and "belongs." She has met death in one of those encounters of youth that bring death. The father sits and mopes rebelliously. There is a strike in progress and he, being of the Union, is of it, but he refuses to help the Leader at the crisis of it. He suspects the author of the girl's ruin. A Striker persuades him that it is his duty to forget personal grievance and to save the cause. This Striker has suffered a like sorrow. The final touch is that he loved the girl in the coffin, but he

did not ruin her. The little big play would be more impressive with the cutting of a speech or two in which the culminating power of the moment is passed.

The best play, in its subtle but dramatic bearing on the follies we cherish in the pursuit of happiness, is "The Critic's Comedy," by Samuel Kaplan. A famous (or notorious newspaper woman critic) lies propped up in bed dictating her criticism to her stenographer. She praises the leading man. She replies to her husband, a youth of twenty or so, she being forty-five, that she is tired of his importunities for money. The leading man calls and is admitted. The husband appears and makes a scene. She discovers later that it was a pre-arranged affair between the two men. She buries her face in her hands and sobs in bed. **Curtain.**

A comedy by Zona Gale, entitled "Neighbors," is rural in every detail of thought, manner and circumstance. Ezra wags his tufted chin and shifts his wad, Grandma drools, Mis' Diantha irons and dominates, Peter makes bashful love and the rosy-cheeked Inez successfully invites him to confession, and so on. The story is about helping a neighbor.

It is all very clever of its kind. Of course plays of this kind are of and for the amateur; but in idea, story and circumstance, and acting, "Neighbors" does its part in making the present bill of the Players the "best they have ever done."

CRITERION. "MADAME SAND." Comedy in three acts by Philip Moeller. Produced on November 19, with this cast:

Rosalie	Jean Robb
Madame De Musset	Muriel Hope
Paul De Musset	Walter Schellin
Casimir Dudevant	Ben. Lewin
Buloz	Walter Kingsford
Heinrich Heine	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Alfred De Musset	Jose Rubin
George Sand	Mrs. Fiske
Dr. Guiseppe Pagello	John Davidson
Lucretia Violente	Olin Field
Mlle. De Fleury	Marjorie Hollis
Mlle. Rolande	Imogen Fairchild
Mlle. De Latour	Caroline Kohl
Franz Liszt	Owen Meech
Frederic Chopin	Alfred Cross
Lackey	Charles Peyton

PHILIP MOELLER has declared that his comedy, "Madame Sand," is really a sublimated burlesque. It is as it should be. However great the redoubtable George was as a literary artist, her liberality in love affairs lost its sublimity in too excessive mutability. Anticlimax was her besetting sin. No one as an author admired her more

than Swinburne, yet it was he of the flaming aureole, who declared of her amour with De Musset, the opening episode of the Moeller comedy, that he, Alfred, "did not behave like a lady but certainly she did not behave like a gentleman."

It is in this spirit that Mr. Moeller has written and from his pen has dripped as scintillant engaging and amusing an entertainment as New York has heard in a dog's age. With its background, the Paris and Rome of 1830, it takes on a picturesqueness that adds still more to an effect delicious to both eye and ear.

Of course, the whole affair is entirely episodic. It is all incidental to the career of an author who never failed to make copy of her most intimate feelings and associations. It is life sketched in a cynical vein, but it is a piquant revelation of one of the most complex figures in all literature, a woman who was ever eager to argue that her love affairs were the result of overpowering maternal instinct not the outcome of material passion.

Naturally in such a rôle Mrs. Fiske finds superlative outlet for the dominating brilliancy of her theatrical technic. She is sure, sharp and successful in the means she employs, she is bright, buoyant and breezy in the delineation of Mme. Sand's lighter words while beneath all the outward sophistry of the woman of the world beats the true note of a heart surcharged with deep abiding faith and love. De Musset's indolent selfishness is sketched with romantic finesse by José Ruben—an actor possessed of real temperament; the epigrammatic cynicism of Heine has a graphic and amusing exponent in Ferdinand Gottschalk and there is a Liszt of imagination and truthful veracity contributed by Owen Meech. Buloz, the publisher, is well acted by Walter Kingsford.

HUDSON. "PIPES OF PAN." Comedy in three acts by Edward Childs Carpenter. Produced on November 6th, with this cast:

"Sally"	Henry Travers
Max Benson	Reginald Mason
Ann Redford	Rita Stanwood
J. Higbee Ferris	Burton Churchill
John Redford	Norman Trevor
Mrs. Bruce Monroe	Florence Pendleton
Mildred Monroe	Rosalie Mathieu
Esther	Edith King
Valentine Ferris	Janet Beecher
Alexander Ferris	John Stokes
Donald Ferris	Burford Hampden

WHEN I saw this play I felt like throwing up my hat in sheer joy. I was actually witnessing a delightful comedy. If you have

regularly attended the offerings of the season you will realize what this means. Its only commercial danger is that it deals with the romance of middle age. But to offset this "The Pipes of Pan" possesses wit, charm, grace, fancy, atmosphere and withal it is a well-made play with just sufficient touch of the dramatic.

The single set, the studio of a fashionable portrait painter, is in admirable taste. Then, too, the company for appropriate selection and general balance could hardly be bettered. Mr. Carpenter's *motif* is Emerson's lines:

Oh what are heroes, prophets, men,
But pipes through which the breath of
Pan
Doth blow a momentary music.

A middle-aged artist, disgusted with the routine of painting the stupid faces of fashionable women, seeks to revive his interest in true art by painting a picture of Pan and a Dryad. Something is wrong. His model says he needs an affair perfectly with a red-haired woman. Suddenly appears an old flame of twenty years ago Titianly thatched. Pan plays his pipes and the old romance is rekindled. A jealous husband sounds the dramatic note but my lady's seventeen-year-old son restores the balance and all that remains is the recollection of an idyllic revival. And what a pleasure it was to hear polite, pertinent witty dialogue expressed with true literary and poetic finish, for Mr. Carpenter has written his script with rare polish and tact.

Norman Trevor has done some excellent work of late but he has certainly surpassed himself in the vividly human, appealing and romantic rendering he gives the temperamental and emotional artist. His daughter is archly personated by Rita Stanwood and a nice bit of light comedy work is presented by Reginald Mason. The husband and his suspicious brother are well done by Burton Churchill and John Stokes while the son is most dextrously presented by Burford Hampden. Janet Beecher is the old flame.

REPUBLIC. "BLIND YOUTH." Play in three acts by Willard Mack and Lou Tellegen. Produced on December 3rd.

A melodramatic, movieish play, with Lou Tellegen as the hero. But the acting in it is beyond dispute excellent. Jennie Eustace, as the besotted parent, was no finer in her way than Hazel Turney in hers, as the French *grisette*. The Nora of Mabel Carruthers was delightful.

(Continued on page 51)



Photos White

Reginald Mason Rita Stanwood

Norman Trevor

Janet Beecher

An artist, going stale, suddenly meets the love of his Parisian memories, goes to an all-night frolic with her, and returns to his studio the next morning to paint her portrait



Norman Trevor

Burford Hampden

The young son comes to the artist's studio to fetch his mother home



Norman Trevor

Janet Beecher

Mrs. Ferris says goodbye to the artist, and goes back to her Puritan husband

SCENES IN "THE PIPES OF PAN" A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY AT THE HUDSON

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

By HAROLD SETON



TWENTY-FIVE years ago! A quarter of a century! Those of us who can look back to that time, and can recall events associated with it, are certainly "not as young as we used to be!" And yet, many actors and actresses who were playing heroes and heroines in the season of 1892-1893 are still playing heroes and heroines in the season of 1917-1918! Those who made us laugh then make us laugh now, and those who made us weep then make us weep now! But let us inspect the playbills of that bygone period, in order to discover the names of present-day favorites!

The New York theatrical season started with the presentation of "Settled Out of Court," adapted by William Gillette from the French. The company included William Faversham, Joseph Humphreys, Joseph Holland and Georgie Drew Barrymore. Henry E. Dixey, who had made his big hit in "Adonis," now appeared in "The Mascot," "Patience" and "Iolanthe," supported by William Pruette, Camille D'Arville, and Trixie Friganza. Miss Friganza recently played a leading part in "Canary Cottage." Mr. Dixey is in the cast of "Chu Chin Chow."

Featured in "The White Squadron" were Robert Hilliard, William Harcourt and Alice Fischer. Mr. Hilliard is still being featured in Broadway productions. De Wolf Hopper, supported by Della Fox and Jefferson De Angelis, revived "Wang," and then put on "The Lady or the Tiger," by Sydney Rosenfeld, who is still writing plays. Mr. Hopper has recently appeared at the Winter Garden and in moving pictures.

E. H. Sothorn produced "Captain Lettablair," by Marguerite Merrington. His company included Morton Selten, Rowland Buckstone, Tully Marshall, Frank Leiden and Virginia Harned. Julia Marlowe was at that time the wife of Robert Tabor, her leading man.



THE KENTUCKY COLONEL," by Opie Read, was acted by McKee Rankin, Sidney Drew and Mrs. Sidney Drew. This was the first Mrs. Sidney Drew. McKee Rankin's daughter, and not the second Mrs. Sidney Drew, who has helped her husband get rich in the movies. "Lend Me Your Wife" was presented by Roland Reed, whose daughter, Florence Reed, is now appearing in "Chu Chin Chow." Robert Mantell presented "The Face in the Moonlight."

Richard Mansfield put on "The Scarlet Letter," by Joseph Hatton. During this engagement Mr. Mansfield married Beatrice Cameron, who had been his leading lady since 1887. Mrs. Mansfield has recently decided to return to the stage. "Puritania" was a musical comedy by the late C. M. S. McLellan, who was yet to achieve fame and fortune with "The Belle of New York." In the company were Pauline Hall, who has gone into retirement, and Louise Beudet, who has gone into the movies.

Edward Harrigan revived "The Mulligan Guards Ball," with Annie Yeamans, Dan Collyer, Joseph Sparks, Harry Fisher, Annie Buckley and Ada Lewis. Miss Lewis is still playing character parts. John Drew, after many years as leading man at Daly's Theatre, now became a star in "The Masked Ball," adapted by Clyde Fitch from the French. Maude Adams was the leading lady, and the company included Annie Adams, Maude's mother, and C. Leslie Allen, Viola's father.

Madame Modjeska appeared in "King Henry VIII," "As You Like It," and "Much Ado About Nothing." She was supported by Otis Skinner, George Hazelton and Frank Kemble. Joseph Jefferson reappeared in "Rip Van Winkle." George F. Nash was in the cast. In "Ye Earlie Trouble," by Henry Guy Carlton, were Joseph Haworth, Theodore Roberts, John E. Ince, Mary Shaw and Olive Oliver. Mr. Ince's son, Thomas, has amassed a fortune as a moving picture producer, and Mr. Roberts has grown affluent as a moving picture performer. Miss Shaw still plays leading parts, and Miss Oliver still gets good engagements.



AUGUSTIN DALY'S season included presentations of "Dollars and Sense" and "A Test Case," both adapted from the German, and "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "The Taming of the Shrew" and "The Foresters," by Alfred Tennyson. The truly marvelous company included Ada Rehan, James Lewis, George Clarke, Arthur Bouchier, Herbert Gresham, Hobart Bosworth, Wilfred Buckland, Isabel Irving, Adelaide Prince, Percy Haswell, Kitty Cheatham and Mrs. Gilbert. Mr. Bouchier was destined to become one of the leading actor-managers in London. Mr. Gresham was to prove invaluable to Klaw and Erlanger as stage manager. Mr. Bosworth was to prosper exceedingly as a moving picture producer and performer. And Mr. Buckland was to attain a foremost place in the cinema world. Miss Irving still plays leading parts. Miss Prince, now a white-haired woman, interprets middle-aged rôles, but Miss Cheatham has reversed the usual order of things, and now sings nursery rhymes at children's matinées!

Rose Coghlan appeared in "Diplomacy," supported by her brother Charles Coghlan, Grant Stewart and Sadie Martinot. Miss Coghlan's recent appearance in "Our Betters" was a feature of the performance. In "The Family Circle," by Sydney Rosenfeld, appeared Frank Burbeck and Nanette Comstock and May Robson, who still plays character parts. Mr. Burbeck is appearing in "The Tailor-Made Man."

Nat Goodwin produced "A Gilded Fool," by Henry Guy Carlton. Minnie Dupree was in the cast. In "The Councillor's Wife," by Jerome K. Jerome, were William Morris, Orrin Johnson, Cyril Scott and Odette Tyler. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Scott are still popular performers on Broadway.



MRS. BERNARD BEERE, who had been over advertised, had a disastrous engagement in "As In a Looking Glass." In her support were Maurice Barrymore, J. M. Holland, Guy Standing, and Beverly Sitgreaves. Mr. Standing is now an officer in the British Army. His father, Herbert Standing, is in the movies. "The Fencing Master," by Reginald de Koven and Harry B. Smith, featured Marie Tempest, who appeared in tights.

"Aristocracy," by Bronson Howard, was produced with great success. The remarkable cast included Wilton Lackaye, Viola Allen, Blanche Walsh, Paul Arthur, W. J. Thompson, Josephine Hall, S. Miller Kent, Bruce McRae and William Faversham. Such an aggregation of stars would now cost the spectator five dollars a seat—at least! S. Miller Kent is now in vaudeville.

Another wonderful collection of players, the members of the Lyceum Stock Company, appeared in "The Gray Mare" and "Americans Abroad." They included Herbert Kelcey, E. J. Ratcliffe, Fritz Williams, William J. Le Moynes, Charles Walcot, Eugene Ormonde, Augustus Cook and Madge Carr (father and mother of Eleanor Robson, now Mrs. August Belmont), Georgia Cayvan, Effie Shannon, her sister Winona Shannon and Bessie Tyree, now the wife of James Metcalfe, the dramatic critic of *Life*.

E. S. Willard appeared in "The Middleman," by Henry Arthur Jones, "John Needham's Double," by Joseph Hatton, "A Fool's Paradise," by Sydney Grundy, and "The Professor's Love Story," by James M. Barrie. Marie Burroughs was his leading lady, but Maxine Elliott was also in the company. Gertrude Elliott had not yet gone on the stage, though she was destined to become leading lady and wife of Johnston Forbes-Robertson, one of the foremost actor-managers in England.

"A Society Fad" was intended primarily to feature Amelia Glover, a popular dancer, the Mrs. Castle of the period, but the supporting company included Lydia Yeamans Titus, Dan Daly, Julius Witmark, who has since made a lot of money as a music publisher, and Tyrone Power, who has since specialized in "heavy" parts, and is now appearing in "Chu Chin Chow." Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrle Bellew produced "Therèse Raquin" and "The Marriage Spectre." Mrs. Potter retired from the stage some years ago, and now lives in England.



LILLIAN RUSSELL was the star in "La Cigale," "The Mountebanks" and "Giroflé-Girofla." "The Prodigal Father," by Glen MacDonough, served to introduce Irene Franklin, a little girl who made a big hit. "The New South," by Clay M. Greene, was acted by Joseph R. Grismer, Harry Davenport, Holbrook Blinn, James A. Herne and Katharine Grey. Miss Grey is still a leading lady and Mr. Blinn is still a leading man. Mr. Herne appeared later in the same season in "Shore Acres," which proved one of the great successes of the American stage. Robert Edeson was in the cast. Mr. Herne's daughters, Julie and Chrystal, were both destined for stage triumphs.

"Captain Herne, U. S. A." featured E. J. Henley. Arthur Byron was in the cast. John Mason and his wife, Marion Manola, produced "Friend Fritz." In "A Nutmeg Match," a rural comedy, David Warfield played a small part. "The Music Master" was not even dreamed of in those days, and the cry "If you don't want her, I want her!" was yet to be heard reverberating from Maine to California!

An event of the season was the presentation of "Lady Windermere's Fan," by Oscar Wilde. The company included Julia Arthur, Maurice Barrymore, E. M. Holland and Edward S. Abeles. William H. Crane appeared in "On Probation." William Collier was featured in "Hoss and Hoss." A farce called "Joseph," adapted from the French, provided a fair salary for Elsie de Wolfe, who was still to amass a large fortune as an interior decorator.

Perhaps the biggest hit of the year was achieved by the production of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Twenty-five years ago! Well, well, well! God bless my soul!.....



Hall

ADA LEWIS

As the "tough girl" in Harrigan's humorous Irish-American plays (1890-95), she had a crowd of enthusiastic admirers

(Below)
WILLIAM FAVERSHAM
 This well-known star made his first Broadway hit as the German villain in "Aristocracy." Here he is seen as Romeo to Maude Adams' Juliet (1899)



Sarony

BESSIE TYREE

This saucy ingénue romped her way through the sentimental comedies at the old Lyceum Theatre (1891-1902)



© Rockwood



Falk

AMELIA GLOVER

A popular dancer of twenty-five years ago—the Mrs. Vernon Castle of the period



NED HARRIGAN

The rollicking Irish comedian, whose theatre at 35th Street and Sixth Avenue is to-day occupied by M. Copeau



© Morrison

MARIE BURROUGHS

Who made audiences weep in the English melodramas presented by E. S. Willard (1891-1894)

LITTLE KNOWN SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYERS

By EDWARD FALES COWARD

PART II



THE art of "make-up" has so advanced these days that almost any face with the aid of wigs, grease paint and putty, can be turned into the living counterfeit presentment of another, so it was not entirely wonderful that two such personalities as William H. Crane and Stuart Robson—the latter's lisp and squeak Crane could imitate to the letter—could so adroitly mix themselves as to confuse the wisest in his effort to separate the Dromio of Ephesus from his brother, Dromio of Syracuse, in "The Comedy of Errors." Here was imitative art at its best and for years Robson and Crane delighted thousands in Shakespeare's merry farce.

In the early days the Webb brothers had been almost as successful, while the two brothers Placide, Thomas and Henry,—they were as alike as the two proverbial peas in the pod—made audiences gasp with wonder and astonishment in trying to pick out tother from which.

Despite the fact that "Hamlet" has been acted more frequently than any another of the Bard's plays and that probably close to two hundred distinct players have dallied with the title rôle since its first production in the United States, when the thirteen originals were mere colonies, few striking impersonations among the lesser rôles come to mind. The memorable all-star cast that presented "Hamlet" for Lester Wallack's benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House on May 21, 1888, gave a by no means perfect performance. Marvelously interesting from the fact that every player of note from Edwin Booth down figured in it, it lacked that balance that comes from the homogeneity of constant associated effort. It was dazzling in spots, not brilliantly sustained. Lawrence Barrett's Ghost and the King of Frank Mayo were finely representative of the true spirit of tragedy, Jefferson and Florence pleased all as the grave-diggers, but the real vital and gripping sensation was evoked by Joseph Wheelock as the First Actor.



THE famous declamation of Pyrrhus' mighty encounter was delivered by him with magnificent sonority, finely modulated nuances of expression, intense sustained feeling concluding with a dramatic enthusiasm fairly electrifying in its effect.

Most representations of Polonius only succeed in making the chamberlain of the House of Denmark a tedious old fool, but one exponent, Edwin Varrey—and a fine, sound and able actor, he always was—brought to it a humanity so gentle, so innately noble in its senile docility that it took on the note of veritable and sympathetic response. His apostrophe of advice to Laertes was fashioned with an elocutionary nicety of detail most convincing in its variety and devotion to reality. Thomas Meade of Irving's forces and C. P. Flocton, in themselves strikingly picturesque, always conducted Ophelia's obsequies with fine sacerdotal dignity and impressiveness. In his prime Eben Plympton scored heavily as Laertes.

Eliminate the protagonists of Macbeth and three rôles remain in which the individual note may rise above the others in the scale without destroying the final balance. Duncan, aged, sweet,

serene, the drunken porter with his very material philosophy and Macduff, a quite obsequient figure till Macbeth's brutal malevolence awakes him to the surge of triumphant vengeance. As Macduff, Joseph Wheelock was superb in his cry of stricken agony as he learned that swept away were all his chicks and their sweet dam at one fell swoop. It is one of those outbursts that in stage vernacular are known as "striking twelve," and the midnight hour veritably boomed as Wheelock let loose the flood gates of his anguish.

He's a poor actor who, draped in the flowing lines of a Roman toga, a dignity in itself, cannot make some impression in one of the numerous rôles—and each one is a good one—of "Julius Caesar." Brutus, Cassius, Marc Antony and Caesar himself, must attract most of the limelight, but even with Thespian giants in these parts—and what noble exponents have spent their art upon them—there is fine opportunity for lesser but still triumphant illusion.



Henry and Thomas Placide
as the two Dromios

WHEN that mighty triumvirate, Davenport, Bangs and Barrett held forth at Booth's in 1875-6, Harry Langdon, by the richness of his feeling declamation as Trebonious and H. A. Weaver, Sr., as the blunt-spoken Casca contributed elements of success as solidly beautiful and significant as those furnished by the three stars, while Portia, as portrayed by Mary Wells, represented absolutely that perfectly-drawn woman, daughter of Cato and wife of Brutus, the noblest Roman of them all. Grace, dignity, feminine trust and devotion were limned by her with the strength and clearness of an etcher's needle.

The splendid disdain Canio Marcius entertained for the hoi-polloi, may have had something to do with it, but "Coriolanus" has never been a popular offering. John McCullough appeared as the haughty patrician at the Grand Opera House in 1878. His assumption of the title rôle was marked by all that dignity and distinction that attached to his rendering of

such parts. Salvini acted the play at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1885, with McCullough, that fine actress of the heavier Shakespearean rôles, Kate Meek was a noble Volumnia and with Salvini, May Brookyn won favor by her rendering of the mother of the hero of Corioli.

"Antony and Cleopatra" has also had but two revivals within a period of twenty-five years. The production at Wallack's in which the title rôles were assumed by Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrle Bellew brought one interpretation to the front that struck home by the sheer force of its perfect realism, Ian Robertson's assumption of Julius Caesar. It was the emperor in the flesh, an epitome of the times and man revealed with pictorial fidelity of detail such as is found in one of the Roman studies of the late Alma Tadema. Of the production of this superb love tragedy at the erstwhile New Theatre little stands out in memory save the clearly defined thumb-nail sketch of the clown, who brought the asp to Egypt's Queen, contributed by Ferdinand Gottschalk.

Save when a Mantell revives it in repertoire, or a Faversham yearns to display a worthy ambition as Iago, "Othello" for the sheer want of a breed of actors capable of playing these two contrasting and tremendous rôles is but seldom revived and for the just interpretation of its lesser parts one must hark back for those who truly filled and breathed them.



BEN G. ROGERS, long since dead and one of Lawrence Barrett's most valuable aids, was a notable Brabantio, sounding the depths of a father's disappointment, chagrin and opposition with sterling dignity and distinguished disdain. Louis James, an actor of sound accomplishment, brilliant intellect and skilled experience in the stellar Shakespearean rôles, was a Cassio of superb romantic and chivalric bearing, nor can one ever forget Emilia's stinging rebuke of her despicable lord and master as voiced by Mrs. D. P. Bowers. Each objection was a cutting lash rising to a crescendo of such unbridled scorn that Iago seemed veritably to crumble under the vigor of her contempt and execration.

Of that ill-fated experiment at the New Theatre no feature in accomplishment stands forth in bolder artistic relief than the rendering given of "A Winter's Tale," and in that presentation one character stood forth, the living, breathing incarnation of the champion of oppressed and wronged womanhood, Paulina, Hermione's devoted lady in waiting. Its exemplar was Rose Coghlan, heroine of a thousand histrionic bouts. Who can forget that glorious voice? Even the engulfing vastnesses and acoustic shortcomings of that big auditorium could not dwarf the splendor of its ringing tones keyed to the pitch of exalted indignation as she gave expression of her loyalty to her devoted queen and the loathing and contempt she felt for those who had so wrongly accused her. It was the real thing, the climax of righteous indignation.

Nor should the joyous youth and masculine grace and beauty of E. J. Ratcliffe's rendering of Florizel in this piece be forgotten.



From camera studies by Maurice Goldberg

TORTOLA VALENCIA

This dancer, seen at the Century, comes as a refreshing reaction after the insipid modern dances, recalling the grace and fire of Carmencita, who captured all New York a couple of decades ago. Senorita Valencia has not only charm and temperament, but bodily vigor and gift of expression. In her Maja dance she is full of deliberate grace, in the Hindu dance she is sinuous and writhing, in her Gypsy dance she trembles with hag-like passion—in short an unusual exhibition of terpsichorean art

Way back in the seventies there was a theatre in the upper part of the street car barns at Third Avenue and the Harlem River. I think it was called the Olympic. There as a boy I journeyed one matinée to get my first hearing of "A Winter's Tale." Rose Eytinge was the Hermione, McKee Rankin the Posthumous and Sydney Drew the Antolycus. Only a few are now alive to remember what Burton accomplished in this part, but I know my youthful enthusiasm was intensely stirred by the graceful, ingenuous, simple, frank, jolly rendering young Drew gave of this merry rogue, this antic snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. A fine comedian, Sydney Drew, one whose art should have had greater opportunities for its display in the old comedies and legitimate drama. His Goldfinch in "The Road to Ruin" was a gem—his Bob Acres simply overshadowed by the towering popularity of Jefferson.

Anyone who studies the history of the drama for the last half of the previous century cannot be other than impressed with the positive place, as actor, manager and man that E. L. Davenport took in its development. Whoever

equalled him as Sir Giles Overreach, whoever topped him as Brutus, whoever surpassed his William in "Black Eyed Susan"? And when Lawrence Barrett assumed the title rôle of King Lear at Booth's who was it swept all away in popular and critical acclaim but Davenport as Edgar? It was a triumph which he achieved, the Edgar of the Shakespearean imagination, that splendid study of honest masculine integrity, that noble embodiment of true worth flashed for all its graphic revelation upon the stage's screen. Oh, for the glory of the drama that such lights to-day might once more shine in all their effulgent radiance!

It was in the vastnesses of the old Metropolitan Opera House that Salvini revealed to New Yorkers his noble presentment of Britain's abused King, regally dominant in all the grandeur of his senile decay. The supporting company spoke English. Of it one member was not only heard but registered impressively. That one was Frank Little as the Fool. That impishly witty philosophic wearer of the motley, that slavish devotee of a madman's fantasies, that touching epitome of untiring love and unselfish devotion was beau-

tifully conceived, sustained and acted by Mr. Little.

Except when he appeared in a burlesque of "Hamlet," in which he incorporated a large part of the original text, delivering it with an authority, feeling and meaning that bespoke the actor of wonderful and hitherto undisclosed possibilities, E. J. Henley in that brief but meteoric career of his during which he revealed evidences of something little short of genius, acted in New York, only one other Shakespearean rôle, Iachimo, in Margaret Mather's revival of "Cymbeline" at Wallack's. In this too infrequently acted play, Adelaide Neilson, Modjeska and Viola Allen have been the other actresses to enact what many authorities regard as the most perfect representatives of womankind that Shakespeare ever drew, the lovely, devoted Imogen. Henley, as the wily, dashing, graceless Machiavel of the piece was the absolute incarnation of all those devilish graces. He was the personification of the Prince of Darkness. A terrible malignant figure of implacable and demoniacal purpose. Relentless, insistent, he swept through the piece.

THE THEATRE WORKSHOP

By ADA PATTERSON



IN the large cities of this country the stock theatre is dead. Long live the stock ideal!

For it has given us more good actors than has any other factor in the making of plays and the education of players.

Comes now the Theatre Workshop to fill its place and to endeavor to improve upon its results.

Young, a mere infant in arms, but a lusty one, is the Theatre Workshop. Its life is measured by one year, but a most busy year. In twelve months it has found the shelter of a workshop downtown and an office uptown. It has presented successfully seventeen one-act plays. It has contributed actors for seven productions. It has created a clientèle among persons who are friends of the best in the drama.

Bryn Mawr College has welcomed its performances and performers. The Philmont Country Club in Pennsylvania and the Country Playhouse at Harmon-on-the-Hudson in New York, Mrs. John Henry Hammond in her drawing room, The Casino, the Old Farm Manor and the Building of Arts at Bar Harbor, The Havemeyer Auditorium of Greenwich, Conn., the Navy Yard of Brooklyn, Fort Hamilton of Bay Ridge, The Finch School of New York City, Miss Bennett's School of Millbrooke, N. Y., and Mrs. Dow's School at Briarcliffe, have received its players and applauded their performances.

Too high and humble the Theatre Workshop has borne its message that good drama well played is possible in war time and in a commercial age. Free performances have been given frequently at the Neighborhood Brickhouse, Christadora House, Richmond Hill House,

Kennedy House and the Vacation Club.

Its second year has been inaugurated by a group of plays given on the third Tuesday and Thursday of each month at its workshop, at 7 East Fifteenth Street. John Synge's "The Shadow of the Glen," Alfred Sutro's "The Open Door," and Ruel Crompton Tuttle's "Young Leonardo," were competently played. Its repertory will be repeated from time to time by invitation

to brand a player with one immovable type,—the manager's prudence dictating that the actor be allowed to play only the kind of parts in which he has been tested,—utterly fail to do.

It affords him the opportunity for that which keeps his art alive, much practice in widely different parts. It tries to help the producer by giving to him the benefits of its experiments in staging and lighting. It desires to help the playwright by letting him try out his plays with competent casts. The scenic and costume designer may exhibit his work there to an advisory committee and to audiences anxious to select the best of the new. It offers the hand of friendship to the manager by enabling him to select from all its departments with what it modestly asserts is a "minimum risk of disappointment."

With little theatres, clubs, colleges and schools, it has established an interchange, it offering capable directors and coaches and information in all departments, and affording an outlet for the talents of their representatives of dramatic gift. Its plan is to take good plays well acted to many communities. Stars play for the Theatre Workshop, as visiting stars once played with local stock companies. Players more than any other class are helped.

The Theatre Workshop has the function of a sieve through which talent is sifted.

Of the Advisory Committee are Julia Arthur, Minna Gale Haynes, Margaret Wycherly, Mary Shaw, Edith Wynne Mathison, Olive Oliver, Edith Ellis, Otis Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, Holbrook Blinn, Daniel Frohman, Arthur Hopkins, Edward Elsner, Bayard Veiller, W. H. Gilmore, Mrs. George Gould, Mrs. J. H. Hammond, Mrs. Metcalfe and Stuart Walker.



© Paul Thompson

George Arliss conducting a workshop rehearsal on the stage of the Knickerbocker Theatre

at other playhouses, colleges and spacious homes.

The most active of the spirits furthering the movement is Miss Grace Griswold, an actress of ideals and experience. Officially she is its Executive Secretary. Likewise she is its spokeswoman. Yet all of the members of its Advisory Committee, whose names will follow, speak as one voice of its aims. It proposes to help the actor by giving him what the present system of long runs of successful plays, and the tendency



Photos George R. King

Dorothy Chesmond, Adelaide Byrd, Helen Stewart and Florence Huntington
"YOUNG LEONARDO," A PRIZE PLAY OF THE DRAMA LEAGUE OF HARTFORD



Richard Silvester, Harry Neville, Joseph Macauley, Harmon Cheshire, Malcolm Morley and Adelaide Byrd
THEATRE WORKSHOP PLAYERS IN DUNSANY'S "THE TENTS OF THE ARABS"



Richard Silvester, Miriam Dole, Harmon Cheshire,
Dorothy Chesmond, Joseph Macauley, J.
SCENE IN "THE INFANTA," BY ASTRID K.

VERSATILITY

By LAURETTE TAYLOR



ONE of New York's best known dramatic critics caused a mild sensation in the theatrical world last season by suggesting that four actresses then playing star parts in successful Broadway productions change rôles, for a single performance, in an effort to prove to the public their real ability. The reviewer in question suggested that they might thus demonstrate their versatility by appearing in widely contrasting parts, and so escape a stigma which is all too frequently placed against a talented player because the management supplies them with rôles that are not widely different season after season.

I was fortunate enough to have been one of the actresses mentioned, and I was tremendously interested in the plan, because versatility to my mind is the essential quality which must be possessed by the real actor or actress. Personality loses its charm to a certain extent as the years advance and one has to educate the public to see one in character rôles if one wishes to continue one's career with dignity beyond a certain age. The public will weary of a personality, but a changing one has ever a fresh charm, and the actress grows old gracefully. The public is not surprised to see one play the part of an older woman, if one has played such a part when one is still young.

In the last few years among my rôles there have been the Irish "Peg," the little Hawaiian girl in "The Bird of Paradise," the Hungarian girl in "Seven Sisters," a mother rôle in "The Harp of Life," the Cockney girl "Annie" in "Out There" and the American girl in "The Wooing of Eve." Each of these parts was widely different, and failure in any one of them might have had its compensation, but to fail, for instance, in an eternal "Peg o' My Heart" because age has incapacitated one is inexcusable.



ONE of the rôles that I played in stock just before my Broadway chance came was "Carmen." Now "Carmen" as a play can be very wonderful. The dramatic possibilities are unlimited and when we were told that it was to be our bill for the following week I immediately began to learn two little characteristics which would impress on my audiences the fact that I was a Spanish girl. One was to roll a cigarette in one hand and the other was to really play the castanettes in double time. These two accomplishments may sound easy, but rolling a cigarette in one hand, is a matter of great skill, while playing the castanettes—not just clicking them—is of like importance. I persisted, and when Monday night came, before my first line (which I was not sure of, by the way) I walked on to the stage, and by rolling my cigarette with one hand, as I sneeringly looked at the assembled crowd, I was able to place in the minds of the audience just the type of character "Carmen" was supposed to be.

It is an old story that I have played

manded of me that I roll a cigarette with one hand or that I learn to play the double castanettes, but when a director sees a young player doing such things he is naturally pleased and is willing to spend more and more time in helping him or her to give finished performances. The small details of the picture count a great deal, and are always worth studying.



THE first really striking rôle that came to me in New York was the little Hula dancer in "The Bird of Paradise." When the play was in rehearsal the director saw me working before a mirror trying to assume some of the movements of the dance. At that time the Hula dance was more or less of a myth on Broadway, and very few American women had ever tried it. "Never mind working over that," the director told me, "we'll get a native woman to do the dance for you."

I made no reply, but I had already spent several weeks studying my character with the aid of a native Hawaiian woman, and was determined that no native would dance in my place. It was fiendish work to perfect that rôle, hours and hours at a stretch were spent in learning characteristic movements,—but the result was worth the efforts.

When I played "Peg" in London I spent every bit of my spare time in studying the Cockneys. Mr. Manners had often talked of writing a play in which the heroine was a Cockney girl, but "Out There" was not even thought of till a year ago. When the time came and my husband told me of the play, I wondered if it were possible for me to portray the rôle with what little study of the Cockney dialect and character had been possible in London. However, rehearsals started, and Miss Lynn Fontanne and Lewis Edgard, both masters of the Cockney dialect and character, were members of the cast. Their perfect knowledge of the dialect helped me, and by constant practice I was able, after four or five weeks, to do it creditably.

When it came time for the dressing of "Out There" I was given a costume which is the exact duplicate of what Annie would wear in a hospital in France. When the dress was worn at rehearsals everyone remarked on the fact that it was so ill-fitting that it made me look round-shouldered. They suggested a new and properly fitting dress.



BUT Annie would look round-shouldered," was my argument, and I know that the woman responsible for the clothes of the performance thought that I was madly insane to appear on the stage in a costume that brought out the only really bad physical point I possess.

The girl in "The Wooing of Eve" is really an easy character to depict. She is truly American. New York is filled with girls of her character. Then, too, I like her for she gave me the first opportunity in several years to appear in some charmingly modern dresses,—a longing I have since satisfied myself the gratification of for when I played in "The Harp of Life."

Back to a waif-like character I played a first cousin of "Peg" in "The Harp of Life." However, with the

simplicity of youth, yet having all the sophistication of a New York milliner's assistant. The heroine of "Happiness" is a character that must be shaded correctly. She is like her Irish and Cockney cousins, yet she is different in every essential point.

Mr. Tyler, who has always liked a new play, wanted me to put it into rehearsal and show it to the public immediately after "Out There." I objected to this, however, as it seemed only right to portray in between these plays a character from another sphere of life.

Incidentally a play which will be included in a future repertoire is one in which I play an Italian lady of high social standing,—and so that I may present the character properly, I am studying Italian. There are not more than three or four Italian phrases in the whole play, yet in order to think as an Italian lady, one must know her language.

Perhaps those of the theatrical profession who read this will say that I am lucky in being able to plan ahead and work for months on characters,—and their argument will be that they are often engaged for a play and open in a part three weeks later. True, but let me tell a family secret—I do not always know what part I'm to play next. "Out There" was conceived, written and rehearsed in four weeks.



SEVERAL members of the profession who are "arriving" play a short stock engagement every summer after their regular season or even take a year and affiliate themselves with a company playing frequent changes of bills. In this way they are cast for various characters and add to their knowledge of the portrayal of various rôles depicting widely different types. Another class of young player, however, feels that such work is of no great value, and that they become hackneyed in their performance, a sameness creeping in that is injurious. This is the fault of the individual. The player who has a weekly change of bill has a great deal of work to do, playing each night and occasional matinées, constantly learning and rehearsing a new part, as well as preparing the costumes necessary for the coming week, but in spite of all this there is still time if one makes the necessary effort to learn at least one important characteristic of the type to be portrayed. When a stock director sees a young player trying to master a gesture that will be the keynote to a character, or trying to affect some physical attribute peculiar to the type, he will never be too busy to stop and give his advice. The finished performance reflects the director's efforts, and when he sees a player striving for excellence he is always willing to do what he can to aid as he naturally gets credit for the production.

These bits of character work may seem trivial at the moment, but they grow easier to work up as time goes on, and finally become a habit. Then when the chance for real characterization comes the player is able to give a vital performance, not once, but season after season. No actress can play youthful parts season after season and then expect at forty-five to suddenly make her public "see" her in character rôles. The young player must remember that versatility counts. Beauty and personality fade,—but in character rôles one can be as striking at sixty as at twenty-six.



Photo Maurice Goldberg

EVAN BURROWES-FONTAINE

This exotic dancer, successful in her interpretation of East Indian, Egyptian, Hindu and Javanese dances, is presenting a dancing pageant in vaudeville which places her among the most talented of our terpsichorean artists



Ira L. Hill

PAUL SWAN

This male exponent of Greek dancing was seen recently as the War God at the Rosemary Red Cross Pageant and again at the Metropolitan performance



EVE LAVALLIERE

The actress who became a nun. For years a familiar figure of Parisian life and a favorite at the Théâtre des Variétés, Mlle. Laval-lière recently forsook the stage to take the veil. The actress sold all the luxurious furnishings of her apartment, divided her dresses and jewels among her friends, and entered the Order of Carmelites



© Hixon-Connelly

EDWARD VAN BECHTEN

The original model for the well-known Remington Indian pictures who is now playing the rôle of Deceit in "Experience" on tour

THE PRODUCING PLAYWRIGHT

By RACHEL CROTHERS

AUTHOR OF "OLD LADY 31," "ONCE UPON A TIME," ETC.



A DRAMATIC agent walked into the offices of a manager where she had placed a play.

"The author wants to know if you have any objections to his being present at the rehearsals?" the agent asked,—rather timidly.

"Present at the rehearsals?" the manager growled. "What in thunder do we want the author at rehearsals for?"

The agent looked nonplussed.

"Why he thinks that perhaps he might be able to give some suggestions."

"And I think he'd only be in the way. Tell him to come around Tuesday night,—we'll be having a dress rehearsal, and he can get a glimpse at the show before the first performance."

And that settled it!

This incident, however, goes back some years,—and by contrast to-day we have the producing playwright,—the playwright who not only writes the plays, and attends the rehearsals, but actually engages the company, directs all rehearsals, supervises the building of the scenery, selection of the costumes, and the lighting effects. Instead of considering the playwright in the way, the manager welcomes the playwright whose craftsmanship is of such a degree that it can be used in making the play successful.



AS far as my own work is concerned, my success is due solely to a great love for the dramatic which is inborn and showed itself as a child,—plus work, work and then more work.

My first experience as a playwright producer occurred when I was twelve. I wrote with a chum a play called "The Ruined Merchant," or "Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining." Looking back now I realize that my co-author and I must have been filled with a triple extract of the spirit of youth, for it was more than an ordinary task to coach those children and carry the production through to a finished performance.

My first real stage experience came only a few years later. I entered the Wheatcroft School of Acting and I stayed there after my term was over, as teacher and coach, four of the most valuable years of my life.

The practice that I had in every line of stagecraft gave me the opportunity to not only write plays, but to select the cast, rehearse them, and carry the performance through to the ringing down of the final curtain.

Of course, there was my tremendous ambition back of all this work, ambition which made me willing to summon all the obstacles that would have caused a climber who was not filled with similar hopes, to falter, and perhaps give up the task. I was fortunate enough to be endowed with sufficient physical strength to carry the work through, and there are mental records that my brain still stores, of hours and hours spent on simple details that might have been overlooked, for after all the *matinée* performances were only intended to show the progress of the pupils, but I worked as though they were important "first nights."

The direct result of these four years of writing and producing one-act plays was my first drama "The Three of Us." The central idea of that play had been hovering in my mind for some time, and when I left the school of acting I wrote it.

After the first big success the way is never difficult if one has learned his craft, and goes soberly to work to make it better and better.

The producing playwright is in reality the logical producer of plays provided the playwright makes it his or her business to learn stagecraft. It is a subject with many angles, for the producer is responsible for every detail of the finished performance.



THE first duty of the producing playwright is the assembling of people to play the various characters. This was an extremely difficult task in "Old Lady 31," for though physical type counts for much, acting ability is still important and the combination of the two is rare and precious.

Actors used to resent the fact that they were called types, but have come to realize that type does not end their distinction—type plus ability is what counts.

Surely the producing playwright is better able than anyone else to engage the people who will make live in flesh and blood the characters of their creation. Sometimes it is necessary to give up the physical type to get the dramatic ability.

In "Once Upon a Time," Mr. Olcott's new play, I wrote in my script, "a little old grim dried-up Irish woman." I set to work to find such a woman and hunted high and low. Finally, after an extended search, I found an actress who was exactly the physical type required, and she was given the script with instructions to read it carefully and come back to prove whether she was capable of handling the dramatic value of the part.

She failed.

The search went on, and the woman finally engaged for the part, is actually fat. She possesses, however, the thing more precious than type—ability.

In a hundred small ways, the playwright,—always remembering the fact that there must be stage craftsmanship combined with writing ability,—will be able to help the finished performance in a way not possible for the producer who is not a writer. The author working on a play, always has the finished living thing in his vision, while the producer who has only the printed work to guide him, must experiment.

One is constantly asked if women are not better equipped than men for directing plays, because of their feminine insight—intuition—taste in dress and decoration, etc.



THE woman in the producing field is sure to be able to plan the stage, and set the costumes worn in a boudoir, but she must be just as capable in planning the color effects of the smoking room of a man's club. She has drawn her characters from life, and the same accuracy must follow when she is planning the staging of her play. Improper clothing and appointments spoil the general effect, and are sometimes so inharmonious as to detract from the dramatic qualities of a scene. So far men have been more successful in the producing field because they have been able to look at the details of dramatic situations with a broader eye for general effects.

The producing playwright must be an authority on such important effects as lighting and costuming. The theatre needs producing play-

wrights who have a knowledge of color values, who will be able to daringly put one color against another and yet never cause a clash that will be offending to the eye. This and the knowledge of how to obtain the best effects in the way of scenery from the most simple settings is largely a matter of careful study and not at all a question of sex. It is a question of who can produce the most charming illusion,—who knows best the little effects that make a storm, or a summer's day. And in a matter of clothes a man may be able to design a becoming dress for his leading lady better than a woman, for, as a matter of fact, a number of the famous costumers are men.

The answer of course is that work has no sex.

It is a matter of absolutely individual ability. If a woman has the same equipment of experience as a man she has an equal chance with him in the theatre but there are certainly no signs as yet that she has greater gifts than a man in the direction of producing.

She has been very slow coming into this part of the theatrical work, and as yet, I believe I am the only woman playwright producing her own plays.

There are very few men authors who are doing all this work themselves, however, and as to directing and staging of plays, I believe women will slowly come into it and be extremely successful.



THEY will develop in this as in all other work—through training and through a large grasp of the entire machinery, coping with it and controlling it, as a man does, losing the average feminine love of detail and inclination to let it overbalance the main structure.

The directing and staging of a play is a very large and comprehensive undertaking and demands technical knowledge from the ground up and the ability to gather the multiplicity of detail into the balanced whole—with all elements from the big mechanical matters of scenery to the delicate intricacies of the actor's work and personal temperament, all brought together in harmony to produce the living whole.

The theatre needs the producing playwright because it needs the care which he gives to his play. It needs the emphasis which he puts upon the play itself—his belief in it and protection of it. But the theatre needs most of all—great producers whether they be the producing playwright or not. It needs them because of the tremendous element the producer plays in the finished result. His touch—whether good or bad, bears so strong an imprint upon both the acting and the play that his own personal attitude towards the theatre, his belief, and his hopes, his capacity and his limitations are as plainly seen as the characters in the play are seen.

The theatre needs great producers because it needs their belief that the theatre is worth putting the best of life into—their belief that the theatre is a combination of all the arts—because it needs their ideals and courage and faith that delicacy and taste and truth, both in the play and its production, are worth fighting for, and can be made to live and win their recognition and gather their audience. In other words, great producers can do more for the good of the theatre than any other force which goes into it.



FRANK CONROY
(Left)
The actor-manager of the
Greenwich Village Theatre



HAROLD MELTZER
(Right)
Assistant director of the theatre
and appearing in the current bill



White

Fania Marinoff

Everett Glass

Harold Meltzer

THE DUEL SCENE IN THE FANTASY PLAY "BEHIND A WATTEAU PICTURE"

In "Behind a Watteau Picture," a charming fantasy in rhyme, the bored marquise and her two faithful gallants resolve to explore the garden behind them. The place belongs to a melancholy Pierrot who is about to slay his Columbine because she is a butterfly in love and flits from flower to flower. The two strange gallants interfere, are bewitched by Columbine and kill each other in a duel. The marquise departs heartbroken, leaving a still more melancholy Pierrot sitting in the light of the moon



White

Joseph Macaulay

Eugene Ward

Frank Conroy

SCENE IN THE WAR PLAY "EFFICIENCY"

"Efficiency" is a grim little satire. A scientist exhibits to his emperor a wounded man who has been reconstructed — with steel legs and brass hands and tin ears and telescopic eyes, and is now a super-soldier. Left alone with Majesty, this triumph of efficiency curses his kaiser and throttles him

THE REVOLT IN THE THEATRE. A NEW EXPERIMENT IN GREENWICH VILLAGE



Photos Press Ill.

Hand-carved door from an old convent in Switzerland—
an imposing feature of the main reception hall



Wide, sweeping staircase softly lighted by rich stained glass windows

TASTE, ARTISTRY AND BEAUTY IN THE HOME OF AN AMERICAN COMPOSER



Ballroom hung with rare tapestries and furnished with fine antiques



Stair landing giving a glimpse of the library and Mr. De Koven himself

THE NEW YORK RESIDENCE OF MR. REGINALD DE KOVEN

PITFALLS OF THE SUCCESSFUL DRAMATIST

By WILLIS STEELL



HIS mail next morning after the successful production of his first play is thick with letters from friends, acquaintances, actors who are out of a job, the tenor of which is always the same: "Your career is fixed, you are a made man, you have no need to worry." His ear listens for the bass note of the manager, "Write me a play as good as your first and I will put it on at once." It does not sound; managers are a canny lot, doubly from Missouri; he will have to show them not once but twice and thrice that he can hit the bull's eye.

But the new playwright, with applause still ringing in his ears, with press clippings already coming in to strengthen his natural pride in his first-born is not daunted by the dumbness of managers; indeed, he long ago classed them as an unimaginative lot and the pæans of praise, raised mostly by persons who know nothing about the theatre, are loud enough to turn his head. Already he is spending his royalties, a Pactolian flood, and already he is at work mentally on his second play. It is to be a masterpiece, surely, for what he has learned while recasting, rewriting, eliding, interpolating, transposing, etc., his first manuscript ever put in rehearsal he will use like a sensible fellow in the construction and embroidery of his second piece. We shall assume that he is too wise to try to work off an old manuscript written while he smelt only of the novice. The old "stuff" may come in handy later when his brain is tired, now he is fresh, excited. Another play, one? why, his brain is teeming with them!



AND so the playwright goes to work, this time so differently from before when every step was taken tremblingly with the constant fear of disaster. He needed a little encouragement, he used to say, but that is past, what he needs now is ballast. This the new author realizes and he makes up his mind to be wise. He will take plenty of time, he will test every situation in the light of his present knowledge, he will do the work at first which he had to do in the last in the case of that *débuting* play. What a long-headed boy!

Conditions have changed, at least sufficiently to encourage him. He now has a kind of *entré* to the managers; at least they do not keep him cooling while they admit, out of their turn, every little draggle-tail actress. They admit him to that smoke-smelling room with a desk heaped high with dusty manuscripts, they let him draw a chair close up to this desk and they draw him out quite paternally. He is apt to say things that are "young" and even banal but they contain their smiles until after they have bowed him out,—oh, yes, they are polite to him, for they do not know but that he is after to be reckoned with. And when they refuse his second play they do so in delicate words, they have taken great interest in reading it and no doubt he will find no difficulty in placing it, but as for themselves it does not fall within the scope of their plans, etc.

Surprised but not disheartened (he will never forget the immense difficulty of getting that first play read) he perseveres and at last finds a sensible producer who knows a "money-maker" when it is offered and the new play goes on. His second play! The play that is to confirm to the profession the depth of his vein. It fails, it fails ignominiously. Why?

A very great caricaturist once told the story

of his beginnings, told it without glamor. He had the wonderful fortune to have his first sketch a full-page drawing, taken by a rich publication and to receive for it a big price in real money. The income that Major Pendennis immediately drew up for Arthur after the launching of his first book is a drop in the water that this caricaturist figured out for himself. He sat down and drew six pictures "off the reel" and hurried them in to the kindly and generous journal. In a brief time he got them all back again.



IHAD succeeded so easily that I thought anything would bear the mark of genius that left my pencil. I drew at random. I had no ideas, and I was punished as well as sobered by this reverse. It taught me a lesson I needed to learn: nothing succeeds and nothing follows success but real ideas faithfully worked out. Another effortless triumph would have ruined me."

If the reason for the failure of a second play were what this eminent artist candidly admitted, that is, "swelled head," an article under this title could be condensed into a paragraph, but it is not so. The young playwrights even more than the novelists know what pitfalls open before their second venture and few among them are so puffed up by a first "hit" that they leave nothing undone to be able to follow it up with others. Indeed in the theatrical game so many elements, including the fickleness of the many-headed public, enter into it that a playwright with fifty successful plays behind him fears the fifty-first. When Dion Boucicault at the end of his career produced "The Jilt," which failed, he remarked, "I took even more pains with it than I and Charles Mathews did with "London Assurance," (his first success) but no dramatic author can command success."

Since it may be set down as almost a universal experience that a playwright's second play fails and since our young writers for the stage find themselves (much against their will) in such distinguished company, it should not seem unkind to refer in passing to the utter failure of Mr. Reizenstein's second play, of Miss Crother's "Myself Bettina," or of the play which followed, Miss Eleanor Gates' "Poor Little Rich Girl." Eugene Walter wrote "The Wolf," not a success after he put out "Paid in Full," the pieces which followed Bayard Veiller's "Within the Law," were soon shelved and only the triumphant run of "The Easiest Way" and "The Thirtieth Chair" settled forever in the minds of the managers the financial importance of the last-named writers.



BUT let us take some playwrights whom long experience seasoned against adversity. James A. Herne was one of these. After he had made a comfortable fortune by "Hearts of Oak," he proceeded to write a few plays to suit himself,—like "Margaret Fleming," and "The Reverend Griffith Davenport." They did please him and Mrs. Herne and W. D. Howells but hardly anybody besides. So he went back with a smile of acquiescence to melodrama, of the simple kind, which only he could produce, like "Shore Acres," which the people came to see. It is not quite fair to catalogue Mr. Herne's work in this order, for he had written many "second" plays before "Margaret Fleming," all of them lost to memory, but it is fair to assume

that he always yielded when he had the money to indulge his ambition to write above and beyond his time. There we have the reason why this author's second play was unsuccessful.

How many inveterate playgoers have heard of "Betty's Finish," Clyde Fitch's second piece, which had a production on the heels of "Beau Brummel?" It is only one of the old pieces which this author wrote up again or utilized in some later piece. Its fate in 1890 retarded Fitch's financial success for ten years. It runs pretty close to 1900 when the "Moth and the Flame" had an obscure start which carried the author to notoriety and fortune. And that trembled in the balance. If Daniel Frohman had not sent a clever man to Philadelphia to see if the piece might not have reached New York as soon as it did. This "spy" saw its value and exceeded his orders by arranging forthwith for time. Fitch's career, although in the same mass a successful one, was punctured with failures. In his case it is fair to say that a singular lack of virility caused the failure of his second play and of his other pieces which failed to score. One instance of this lack, as in "Major André," should suffice. This piece followed a success, "Nathan Hale," and the reason why it failed is that his hero did things, like whistling the air which was to betray his rival, perfectly certain to rouse the contempt of an audience.



IS it to go too far back to recall the hopeless second play of Edward Harrigan? His first, "Mulcaney's Twins," outlined a long line of fun-makers, his second, "Why We Went West," disappointed an audience by its lack of wit and commonness. The numerous failures endured by Charles Klein between some libretto money-makers and "The Lion and the Mouse," or "The Music Master," are not to be waived thus cursorily. But Klein was learning how to sandwich in serious motives and a sort of society comedy. When he had learned the proper proportions, his work, which always merited respect, won favor.

The beginnings of Augustus Thomas and William Gillette are similar in this, they collaborated with Mrs. Burnett. In the former's catalogue success follows failure in a persistent way. "Alabama" by "In Mizzoura," "The Earl of Pawtucket" by "The Embassy Ball," "The Witching Hour" by "The Harvest Moon," the first of each couplet a popular success and more the second a failure. Why? Critics searching for the reason have advanced the theory that when Thomas follows his own genius he wins out but too often he is thinking how he can make a play as technically correct as some of the French masterpieces of construction. From foreign sources Gillette admittedly learned his technic. It broke down badly in "A Legal Wreck," which the author produced on "his own" in 1888, two years after the sweeping success of his "Held by the Enemy."

Chas. Rann Kennedy's "Winterfeast" did not increase the favor he had won by his "Servant in the House," and it is easy to put the failure of this second play on the author.

What would have happened if William Vaughn Moody had lived to write a successor to "The Great Divide"? It is idle to guess but all the same we will guess that he would have produced his "Masque of Judgment" and his "Death of Eve," the very titles of both spelling failure.



Giacomo Rimini, one of the younger Italian baritones, made an impression last year in "Il Barbiere," "Falstaff" and "Francesca da Rimini"



Lucien Muratore, the French tenor, made his way as leading man with Mme. Réjane while preparing for the grand opera stage. Later he became the most popular tenor of the Paris Opera. Among his many notable achievements are the tenor rôles in "Romeo et Juliette," "Faust," "Lakme" and "Carmen"



Matzene

Hector Dufranne, baritone of the French contingent, is a well-remembered favorite of the former Manhattan Opera. His career has included several seasons in Brussels, many more at the Paris Grand Opera House, several years in New York and three seasons in Chicago



Georges Baklanoff, the Russian baritone, is considered one of the most versatile of artists, his successful interpretations ranging from Mephistopheles in "Faust" to Scarpia in "Tosca"



Riccardo Stracciari was recently pronounced by Chicago critics the greatest of Rigolettos. He will also be heard with this company in "Ernani," "Pagliacci" and other operas

MUSIC FOR EVERYONE

CONDUCTED *By* CHARLES D. ISAACSON



SOUNDS of singing or whistling in the next room—"Somebody's mighty happy," you say. That's it—sign of joy, mark of an overflowing abundance of good nature.

"I'm so happy," the impromptu musician is saying to you, and unconsciously you acknowledge it with a smile to yourself.

Something splendid has happened—you feel like kicking your feet in the air, and dancing along like a two-year-old; you get out into the country, and the smell of the pines or the flowers gets into the blood, and you want to sing. Words are weaklings—you can't make yourself felt in phrases—you turn to music. Watch the school-boy, as he hurries away on his holiday—he whistles. See the young girls out for a gay day—skipping and humming. Enter the lovers—the maiden sits at the piano and sings and lets her dainty fingers play melodies that make no secret of her longing and her love. Observe the savage—his only way of expressing success and victory is in a wild, intoned, yelling song.

When you're happy, you resort to music. When you resort to music you invariably become happy. It's as simple as can be. If you put your hand into hot water, it burns; if you immerse your whole soul in joy, you can't be sad.

Isn't music joy? I'll show you what it is, and after this, you'll understand what to do in case of the blues or the dumps or whatever you call the opposite of happiness in your part of the world. You'll be able to pick your own kind of antidote for tears!

Music is made—how? By a human being, just like you, with slight variations. You start to hum or whistle, or dance, when you're glad; so does he. But with him, the impulse takes on a more definite form. He crystallizes the emotion into a melody or a harmonic phrase; it grows and spreads and develops into a song, or a symphony or a sonata.

Now here is the difference between the real composer and the writer. The latter says: "I am happy," the composer smiles, expands, does things because he is happy. The writer describes the causes of happiness, the composer makes you feel the results of the mood. The word-painter gives a story of drama—the composer depicts the emotions aroused by the drama. Thus, Shakespeare writes the episode of "Romeo and Juliet"—Romeo does this, Juliet that—there is the feud, the impossible marriage, the balcony scene, the suicide, the discovery of the body by Romeo, and the fatal, tragic end. But witness the way that Berlioz, the composer, treats "Romeo and Juliet." His music virtually says: "The feud is a terrible thing, it is a sad thing that Romeo cannot marry Juliet, oh, I am hurt deeply because of it all."

I started out to prove to you that music is happiness, and I have completely given myself away. I wanted to show you that if you want to make yourself forget the sadness of existence, just find the music which was written by a happy man. Well, I won't deny that, but I will have to confess this: There are just as many unhappy composers as there are otherwise. And when you feel moody, despondent and disconsolate, you turn to a minor, crooning melody. And if you're angry, you can be most angry in music, and if you're a trickster, it will all come out in the music; and if you're a dude and a snob, the music will show it.

But, you remark, this all started out with saying: "When you're happy you resort to music."

Well, you have backed me into a corner and I am at your mercy, and it looks as though I'm bewildered. I am, and who wouldn't be, trying to put the story of music on paper? Go ahead, some of you, and attempt to put the story of life into a paragraph, or to describe the universe in a phrase.

Now, I have you where I want you. Now, you are going to know music, for what it is and what it can do for you, and what you can do for it.

Music is life. It is the highest voice of the universal existence. I will not talk in high-sounding phrases. I will make it so you cannot possibly misunderstand. Music in the truest sense is the sublime expression of a sincere heart, speaking to other hearts.

Chopin, the sad, sweet Polish pianist, was dismayed by the fall of Warsaw and the end of his patriotic hopes—you feel his anguish in the music he wrote. He was a retiring, almost feminine type—and he looked with dismay on the brazen materialism of his day—listen to his soliloquies for the piano. He fell heir to the love of George Sand, and when she left him, he suffered all the tortures of a disappointed, sickened creature. In his music, the witty conversations of the salons and the passionate scenes with George Sand, are recreated for sure.

Let us pick up pieces the reputation which Chopin's music has acquired, and try to discover why it is, that there is scarcely a piano recital which is without its Chopin group. Every passion and desire known to mortal men are painted in Chopin's literature for the piano. The life of a poet is written into the music which he left. When Paderewski or Edwin Hughes (a real appreciator of Chopin not known enough) play his Nocturnes or sonatas, they materialize the composer back into our midst. No spiritualistic medium ever claimed to bring the past and the dead back to us, with nearly the fidelity with which the great pianists fan the composers' breath into the instrument.

THE NEW MOVEMENT IN MUSIC

MUSIC is life, my friends. I want you to know that it is wondrous life offered you in capsule form. There has been too much cant and theory about music, too much superstition and snobishness. No art has suffered as much as music, through the airs and manners assumed by a class of usurpers. Do you suppose that the concert halls and the opera are the all-in-all of music? No, no, no—I cry out to you. These are but small voices in a great chorus.

The real music is with the people, in their homes, and around their fireplaces, just as the real life is right there. Nor is it my thought to belittle the opera and the concert, for the greater the home music becomes, the more important the public representations will become. If you were to eliminate the opera house by a national law, it would come back as surely as can be. Harry Barnhart, the leader of the Community Chorus movement, said to me: "The opera is dead." I said, "Oh, no, it is just being born." He insisted: "The opera of to-day is obsolete," but I uncompromisingly answer: "It isn't yet formed."

Barnhart is an extremist, as truly as is the stiff chronicler of the season's music, to whom the Metropolitan Opera House, Carnegie Hall, and Aeolian Hall are all there are to the music of the metropolis.

Something is happening in music; it's difficult to describe it letter-perfect, but there's no question about its great import.

It's this: The people are coming into the control, and they are insisting on having what they want, and not what it has been the custom to choke down their throats.

A sign of the times is the Community Chorus. A vast crowd gets together and moved by the mob-idea, sing. All together, without rehearsals, without professional and individual training, they sing. The simple airs, the deeply passionate, patriotic and tender melodies. It is a democratic gathering. There are all kinds in the assemblage. They seem rather timid at first, but as the novelty wears off, they get so jolly and youthful and friendly, that there's a glow of good fellowship on all the faces. You can see it and here's where I prove again that music mostly always makes you happy.

And again—in the training camps see how the singing idea is helping keep the men in spirits. Down at Yaphank, General Bell told me that it's the greatest idea that ever came into military circles—that a singing army has to win—that a singing camp has little or no bad habits. At night, when duties are through and Satan is lurking, they bring the boys together and let them sing. I suppose it's too hot then for that gentleman to stay, but anyway by the time the "sing" is over, the boys are glad to pile into bed.

Barnhart thinks that this is all there is to the music of the future. But of course not. Look at it in this way: Take the Community Chorus. Some folks sing better than others; some play; some entertain the others. For the genius will always exist and the people will always want to hear the experts. Which means that concerts and operas will always be wanted.

And yet there's something going to happen in the formal music-houses. Opera isn't going to remain the rich man's luxury. One opera house in New York for over four million people! Can't you see what the movement is going to do, in building places to hear opera at simple men's prices? Can't you see that there's going to be a demand for singers and operatic composers?

To-day it's the most difficult thing in the world to get an opera produced—even to have it heard. Amter is an American who has several operas ready—and never heard. I do not know enough about his work to say whether it deserves production, but I do know that if it's good or bad, it ought to be given its chance.

FOR ARTISTS ONLY

AND at this point I should like a private conference with the artists. I know most of you by sight and to talk with you, and I am fighting for you all of the time, because I think you are doing more for the world than the statesmen are. But I have a bone to pick with you, too, as Sam Weller might have said. Why do you put on your concerts as you do? Why it's enough to give an audience the cold shivers. Is it that you want only the trained musicians to attend your recitals or are you



Matzene

Cyrena van Gordon, contralto, is a native of Ohio and a vocal product of Cincinnati studios. She made her début with the Chicago Company three years ago, and has remained one of its popular members ever since. She has been heard in contralto and mezzo-soprano rôles in "Aida" and "Andrea Chenier"

Photo © Matzene

Amelita Galli-Curci, coloratura soprano, began her career in Italy and found favor in South America before coming to the United States. Her first appearance in Chicago a year ago created a furore. She will be heard in New York for the first time in January



© Mishkin

Mary Garden, although born in Scotland, is known as an American, having been brought here by her parents when she was six years old. The basis of her remarkable grand opera career was laid in Paris. She will revive her memorable interpretations in "Pelleas et Melisande," "Carmen," "Tosca" and other operas



Genevieve Vix, soprano, has long been a favorite at the Paris Grand Opera and Royal Opera of Madrid. Her fame has been made in "Manon," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" and "Thaïs"

© Matzene

Rosa Raisa is a young Polish dramatic soprano who has won approval in Italy in "Francesca da Rimini," "Les Huguenots," "L'Africaine," "Aida" and "Cavalleria" and other operas



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Annetta Pelucchia, *première danseuse*, an Italian, studied the terpsichorean art in Milan, and danced for several seasons in the grand opera houses of both Brussels and Paris



© Mishkin

Anna Fitzu, soprano, made her début in New York last season in "Goyescas." She is to appear in the title rôle of Hadley's new opera, "Azora" and as Nedda in "Pagliacci"

A REMARKABLE ARRAY OF OPERATIC ARTISTS

anxious to entertain the world at large?

I'll tell you a little joke of mine—I love to go to recitals with folks such as you might term “lowbrows”—I mean the sort who say—“What, spend two dollars for a woman at the piano?”—the sort who love ragtime and think Brahms is some sort of a drug. They fidget about, seem eager to get out, look bewildered at the program, and shiver at the atmosphere. If I can only hold them until the music starts, I'm safe—so I do it by saying that the artist had a terrible romance—“So,” says my companion, “is she beautiful?”—with a mysterious beauty, I respond. This first number on the program is by Mozart. He was buried one stormy night all



© Mishkin
MABEL GARRISON

alone—despite the fact that he was the most noted musician in his day; Mozart was a lovable character, a prodigy at seven, a prolific author. Now this “Pastorale Variée” is a scene in the country. I recommend to you the feeling of summer, the sheep on the hill, the browsing cows in the green silence. Tina Lerner comes upon the platform, sits at the piano and plays. My lowbrow friend is enchanted—“It's very pretty and entertaining,” he assures me. And so on down the program.

“I'd like to come again,” he informs me. Next time, he's quite alert, wants to know the facts about the composers, the artists, the compositions—and as a matter of course begins to find the meanings himself.

While I'm talking alone with the artists in this way, may I suggest that it will help a great deal if you will understand the layman's viewpoint and make an effort to help him. Make the hall cheerful and welcome the audience—never mind the fear of doing the unconventional. Come out sharply on time—smile, smile,—talk if you can, have the stage decorated, have your program illuminated with information—back it up with your own or an assistant's discussion. Make the audience laugh once in a while. Make it “homey,” make friends with the public. It will make you popular and increase your following.

Now that we are done with that discussion which of course the lay reader passed over, I assure the public that despite whatever shortcomings the recitals may have, the artists should be made part of your lives.

How many of you have heard the Kneisel Quartette? Franz Kneisel the man who founded it, and was its leading violinist for a quarter of a century is an example of the broad-minded musician. He has watched the growth of interest in quartette playing in this country; he has sent forth many splendid pupils to shine as stars; he has aided needy artists; he has explained and interpreted both sides of the many musical arguments. To know this splendid man and artist has been an honor—for, the surprising fact is to be told, that he has often championed the new spirit in music! He is a quiet



© Underwood & Underwood
HARRY BARNHART

man, unassuming to a surprising degree and ready to go out of his way to aid such work as this.

Bryceson Treharne, the composer, of whom I spoke a few words last month, has seen much of life. He was taken prisoner in the outbreak of hostilities and held as a British hostage in a stable near Berlin. It was here that his inspiration was liveliest, and here that the germs of many of his lovely songs developed. His constitution was not strong enough; he broke down completely and was changed with other sick Englishmen. Treharne's songs are making more of an impression than any which have appeared in a long time—watch how his name makes its appearance on concert programs from now on.

Henri La Bonte, an American tenor, is a chap whose voice is no bigger or truer than his personal experiences and traveling. The son of a Union soldier, La Bonte has spread his fame all over the world. Many wondered why the portrait of Olive Klein appeared last month, without comment. She is a soprano of great gifts, the successor of Anna Case and Florence Hinkle in important church singing engagements.

OUR OWN WORK FOR READERS

HOW many of my readers of last month have taken to heart the suggestion, that THEATRE MAGAZINE, through this department is ready to show you how to make your home a musical centre? It is your opportunity to ask as many questions as you like, and they will be answered by me. If you have a phonograph, or a player piano, there is a direct way to hear the most interesting music, coupled with a reading course on the significance of that music. If you want to know how to have your children trained; let me hear your problem; if you once upon a time played, and gave it up, tell me about it.

If you would like to start a real music movement in your neighborhood, getting up a club and a series of concerts, I will show you how to do it, based on my experience in the past.

Bring forth the new artists and composers—let THEATRE MAGAZINE foster your genius and introduce you to the world. Raymond Ellis is a baritone who has sung for me and made a deep impression—he is young and full of the right spirit, he is a possibility for managers. Take him.

Constance Amber, a soprano of beauty and personality, fine voice and musical understanding,—here is another find. Maurine Willbanks, another soprano, intelligent, sympathetic, and capable of doing splendid concert work, and doing it in her own way, is worth watching. Beth Tischler is a violinist, a young girl, who will carve her name in fame before many years have elapsed.

WHAT'S GOOD OR BAD

SOME day in the far future the little syncopated melody of the dance-hall may be the theme of a symphony of classic construction written by an American composer rising out of the chaos of to-day.

I will admit frankly that I could not spend an evening devoted to the ragtime and songs of the “She's My Pal” school of writing. Neither would you want a whole lot of the school of writing. Neither would you want a whole lot of the school speller for an hour's recreation.



© Ira L. Hill
MME. MAGURETTE NAMARA

But the school reader has its place; and the popular music has its place, and I say that any music which is liked is good. The wrong is done when a man refuses to admit the virtue of popular or classic music. Let the high-brow come down a peg; let the popular fan take an excursion into the master compositions, and he'll probably remain there for all time.

Music has three attributes: rhythm, melody, and harmony. There is probably more rhythm in a ragtime knock-down than a grand opera. Rhythm is the first necessity of music—your East Indian and the Chinaman have a swing and a motion to their music. Melody as we know it is, however, the first sign of civilized music. Sometimes it is sweet and showy; that is what distinguishes the momentary from the lasting music. The lack of harmony is the great outstanding defect of the momentary class, and the grand beauty of the classics. It is the temple, the soul, the living representation which ornaments the trifling theme. It is the spirit of the living world, which decorates and makes important the triviality of the phrases

MR. ISAACSON GOES TO THE CONCERT

FOR LOUIS GRAVEUR to have sung a program of the new songs of Bryceson Treharne was a fine thing all around, and this splendid baritone won new laurels as a scout, in addition to his reputation for delightful interpretative powers. HAROLD BAUER's recital is an event always; he is one of the few artists who does not hesitate to let his face, his body and his whole manner have their way—the result is, that you feel the humanity of the man as well as the greatness of his music. His most effective work was in the high descriptive “Forest Scenes” of Schumann. In the composer's “Childhood Scenes,” MOSES BOGUSLAWSKI, a Western pianist, was very inspiring. The gentleman has a style all his own.



MARGARETE MATZENAUER
and her daughter

Quite the most fascinating concert I attended was that given by the SOCIETY OF ANCIENT INSTRUMENTS,—a cooling shadow creeps over the hall, and ladies and courtiers of an ancient day come pirouetting before me. A laudable and serious venture which should be heard without fail. Their work is with the music of the middle seventeenth century; the NEW YORK CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY include the past and the present, using wood wind instruments as well as the strings. They played works of d'Indy, Dubois and Wolf-Ferrari.

TINA LERNER—Russian pianist, returns and makes one realize that the loveliest manner of playing isn't always the most memorable—her interpretations are dainty and sentimental, never deeply stirring, but a pianist of considerable interest and well-earned reputation. In her school of playing is the youthful PAQUITA MADRIGUERA, Spanish girl, and sentimental sprite.

FRANCES ALDA—in a concert for the War Fund, made her soprano voice tell all over the huge space of Carnegie Hall, and included many songs heard for the first time, thus offering valuable encouragement to Buzzi-Peccia, May Hartmann, Mischa Elman, and others.

INSPIRATIONS



"FROM WHENCE"
(Left)

The interpretation of
a romantic tale from
"The Idylls of the
King"



"CHIQUITA"
(Right)

The smart afternoon
suit with an obvious
Spanish note



"SUNRISE"
(Below)

A morning sunset at
Camp Upton,
snatched from that
locale to supply Ma-
demoiselle with a
creation full of mean-
ing for her soldier
boy



INSPIRATIONS are often most perturbing. They are quite apt to burst the delicate mesh of their chrysalis with such suddenness as to ruin the tranquility of an otherwise pleasant hour. The most rapid phrase from a frivolous débutante may be the very spark that ignites the tip of a brilliant thought and no term of imprisonment is quite so irksome as that period following with its forced upkeep of idle talk which prevents development of the idea into something tangible and valuable. Inspirations are like the fragrant flowers of the woodland, worthy to be gathered in their fresh and sparkling moments, but robbed of spontaneity and youthful exuberance if left to dry upon the stem. They are the opportunities that offer but once the key of Freedom to captive Genius. The watched pot never boils, and coaxing or pleading is of little avail in luring these opportunities from their hidden depths. An inoffensive cup of midnight coffee may be responsible for much restless slumber in the night's blackest hours, when the braincells overdo themselves with energy and conjure up the wildest and weirdest thoughts. Subtle combinations, poetic verses, incredible inventions pour forth in mad disorder. One feels certain that such a vivid thread of reasoning

will remain unbroken through the few hours of sleep certain to follow, but the morning sun strips the tree of its tinsel and makes the idea quite impossible withal.

It is comparatively easy to delve into historic episodes of Romance and Conquest and to choose one item as the nucleus of an idea to be modernized, or to combine it with features of unrelated periods into something grotesque enough to become "le dernier cri." The furbelows of Marie Antoinette, the fripperies of Napoleon, the caprices of the earlier Louises, are rich with many gems that need but resetting for a display of super-brilliance. The Elizabethan ruff of several seasons past created a furore because it was so absurd when removed from the tapering steel-boned corsets and heavy-draped materials that once went hand in hand with it.

But the time comes when even such treasures lack the proper "snap" or "go." In desperation one turns to the prosaic objects of everyday life, apparently most poverty-stricken of material. It is astounding, the results that are frequently obtained. Quite exhausted with my precious but meager collection of the ancient prints and engravings, recently I glanced about me at the uninteresting but highly essential



"WATERLOO"
Suggested by an old
print of Napoleon



"CAMOUFLAGE"
The camouflage frock
suggested by recent
military activities

ously purple. In "*Bonjour mon poilu!*" the mediæval bodice and clinging skirt of gold cloth is draped with clouds of airy rose-colored tulle, caught in place by waxen blue petals and frail green satin leaves, while the listless streamers of magenta and silver shot net falling from the headdress have been snatched from the ridge of night-ridden shadows upon which the day is born.

Suggested by military activities at Yaphank, is the black velvet camouflage dress, "*You Never Can Tell*," so-called, because to a detachment in the rear, Ma'mselle is supposedly clad in full-length coat, but a "right about face" reveals an indoor frock, with colorful girdle of Chinese brocade in emerald green, peacock and pervauiche blues and lacquer-bright vermillion. The cuffs of skunk and the collar of folded blue silk that runs under the girdle and is caught up by a realistic bunch of enameled wood flowers, completes this innocently deceiving dress.

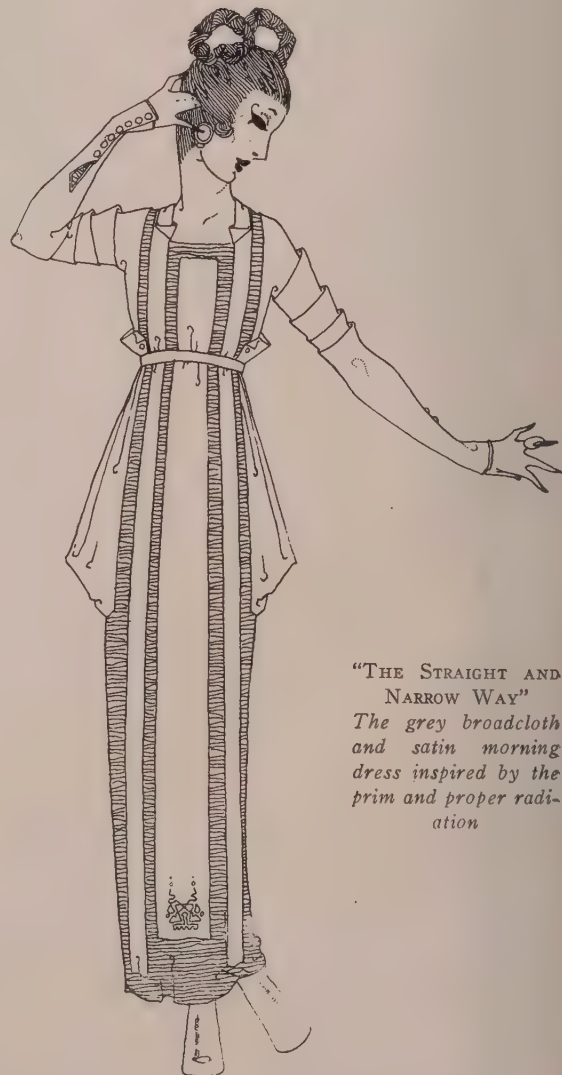
The tales of King Arthur call to mind the narrative of the youth who several times in succession saw and coveted the jeweled hilt of a most astonishing sword, supported by a mysterious hand in the center of a night-black pool. The flowing evening wrap, "*From Whence?*" is an interpretation of the story.

articles that tended toward my physical comfort. Previously they had claimed but little attention, but given a chance, they were instantly eager and alert to suggest a new line or color. The pert French clock with its crazy scrolls and flirtatious highlights, the languid draped portieres of velvet, the tinkling crystals of the chandelier, all struck up a symphony of fairy orchestrations in faintly clamorous appeal.

First of all, the chair in which I sat. Imperative to the room's completion, yet unappreciated as a unit, I drew from its unassuming pose a trim and modest frock for the "*Thé Dansant*." The severe lines, glossy under their coat of grey enamel, were relieved by the comfortable upholstering of brocade, in blues, greys and tarnished silvers. To a plain foundation of shimmering grey satin was added a smug sleeveless jacket of brocade much like that in the chair, while hand smothering cuffs and a huge square collar of blue fox fur gave added insurance of warmth. Next, a glance across the narrow court outside the confines of my studio revealed a warped and antique stained glass window, only remaining relic of a once imposing New York residence. It abounded in charming colors and graceful curves. The figure of an eighth century nun inspired a morning dress of deep blue satin broadcloth with clerical collar and a narrow apron of white chiffon cloth.

The sizzle of the gossiping radiator drew my attention from the leaded glass and in its stern New Englandish way, seemed to be pleading with its inanimate companions for honorable recognition. The accompanying sketch, entitled "*The Straight and Narrow Way*," is the radiator dress of slendering lines. Over the under dress of battleship grey are hung panels of pearl grey broadcloth. The decorative scrolls found at the bottom of each radiator pipe are repeated in motifs of silk braid upon the lower edge of the front and rear panels. For the sake of diversity the strips at the sides have broken their length in half and looped themselves through the slight belt to emerge as tiny flares, thus "doing their bit" in this age of efficiency by accommodating Milady with pockets for her perfumed accessories. The sleeves have been jointed together from irregular cuffs of broadcloth.

Sunsets and sunrises undoubtedly inspire beautiful emotions in every creative mind. Certain locales boast of superlative effects but a new and more wonderful one has been discovered upon the horizon of unbroken stunted-pine tracts surrounding Camp Upton, our latest cantonment. Surely nowhere are the enveloping mists so roseate, the sun so copper-hued and burnished, the strip of horizon quite so mysteri-



"THE STRAIGHT AND
NARROW WAY"
The grey broadcloth
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AN INVITATION FOR ANGELINA TO GO MOTORING

By ANNE ARCHBALD



MOTHER and Father and Angelina sat lingering over coffee. Angelina and Mother were already due at the Opera, but they "just had" to stop on to tell Father about the wonderful French jeweler whose place, in a tall building on upper Fifth Avenue, they had been visiting that afternoon. Far be it from me to suggest that there was any ulterior motive back of their enthusiasm. Nevertheless Father was known to be a generous old thing if properly approached.

* * *

"He's the Frenchman," Angelina, perched on the arm of Father's chair, was burbling, "who designed the wreath of enameled oak leaves that the citizens of New York presented to Joffre when he was here. And his work is simply marvelous, quite, quite, different from anything you've ever seen. Isn't it, Mother? For instance, the cuts of his stones. Instead of taking the stones and cutting them in the usual regulation way and fitting them into a design he makes the designs and then cuts the stones to fit. And so he gets unique and beautiful results. He has what he calls a 'mirror' cut and a 'Greek' cut and a 'Gothic' cut. Really, Father, you'd be tremendously interested to see them. Wouldn't he, Mother?"

* * *

"Do you remember that pair of diamond earrings with the 'Gothic' cut diamond drops? And the big bar-pin made for a well-known singer with the colors of all the Allies in the stones? We said it reminded us of a bit of some beautiful old cathedral window. And that diamond *sautoir* on the narrow black moiré ribbon? The diamonds were cut and arranged in such a way that you had the effect of white showing against white, if you can imagine it. Something entirely new! Mother should have that, it looked so stunning on her. Or else the Gothic-shaped watch of black onyx on the necklace of small black pearls, that it took Monsieur a year to match. It's too complicated to think out to-night which piece I should have, though I think the sapphire ring set with the 'baguette' cut diamonds, little slivers of diamonds guarding the sapphire on either side."

Angelina ended her burst and yawned suddenly, a most unusual procedure for her.



An adorable dressing-jacket for Angelina to slip in her bag, of pale blue crêpe de chine (it may be had in pink and yellow as well) and cream-colored lace—and for the bargain price of several pennies this side of five dollars

"It's so nice here by the fire," she said, "let's not go to the Opera, Mother. Let's stay here with Father. I'm terribly sleepy. I haven't had a real night's rest in weeks and I know you're tired too."

* * *

"Excellent suggestion," assented Father. "The trouble with both of you girls is that you do too much and you need a rest. I never see anything of you. How about running South with me after New Year's on a short motor trip? We can take the limousine and the open car and you can ask anybody else you wish to go along. But mind, no splurging in 'Palm Beach' clothes, Angelina," he put in quickly as he saw a look with which he was only too familiar cross Angelina's face. "We're not going to stay South. You can go later for that. This trip is for air and health and no dissipation. You must travel light."

* * *

"But I shall have to get a few things to do that," protested Angelina.

"Trust Angelina!" exclaimed Mother, smiling across at Father.

So the trip was decided on and next morning Angelina and Mother recapitulated their wardrobes and decided what would "travel light" and where deficiencies must be supplemented.

This seemed an auspicious occasion to Angelina to buy a fur motor coat which she had been wanting for some time. She would take some of her Christmas money and add it to some of her allowance and make the purchase. Arrived at the big fur shop it was a great problem to decide whether to have the coat of natural rat, or of Australian opossum, which is so warm and yet so light, or of raccoon with a raccoon skin tam o' shanter to match. The glass finally cast the die and declared for the latter combination as most youthful and fetching. (If you will turn over two pages you may

see the opossum model posed on Miss Lillian Spencer the actress.) Mother and Angelina were to share a hat-box and be allowed one hat apiece extra, so the tam could be stowed away as they went farther South and brought out again on the return trip. It certainly was original and becoming and could be used besides for skating.

* * *

Under the coat Angelina would wear a light-weight summer suit, jacket and skirt, with a dark blouse, and in case she didn't want to change at any of the quick stops into the extra frock she was to be allowed trunk space for, she would carry a fresh Georgette waist in her bag.

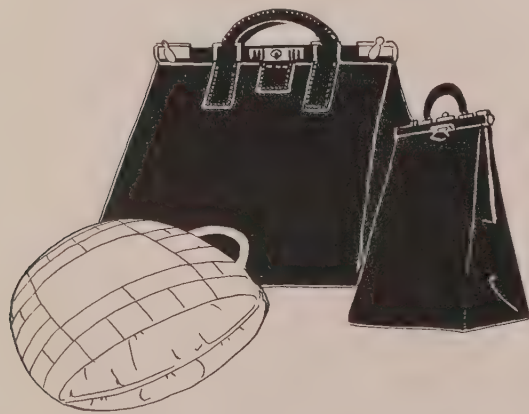
"Bag?" thought Angelina at that. "I have no decent bag. That's something I must get. One must look smart traveling and nothing adds to your appearance more than smart luggage."

* * *

A big shop with an unusual leather department furnished forth the bag, a new model of shiny black pin seal eighteen inches long, with brass catch and fastenings and a bit of odd stitching in white. Mother already had a proper large bag, but she had commissioned Angelina to purchase for her a smaller "fourteen-inch size," and Angelina, finding the price so reasonable for that decided on her own account to throw in for Mother—"her back got tired on long runs"—a leather motor-pillow. Angelina loved all the "scenery" she could get and the pillow would certainly be an addition to their outfit, with its strips of leather woven mat-like through each other making a checker-board effect.

From the bag counter she went to stock herself afresh with talcum and soap and her eye being caught on the way by the glint of the new toilet articles made of shiny brass that looks like gold she picked up a brass-bound comb, a small brass brush, and a lovely pair of brass toilet scissors.

Thence to another shop for Italian silk bloomers, with Father's admonishment to "travel light" always in mind. "Just the thing for motoring," the clerk assured her, "were the long Italian silk bloomers that come to the tops of the shoes, warm and unobtrusive under a skirt, just that much less than a petticoat to sit on and crumple up."



"Nothing adds more distinction to your appearance when traveling," says Angelina, "than smart luggage." For this smartness she bought the reasonably-priced eighteen-inch bag and the fourteen-inch bag, both of shiny pin-seal, and the motor pillow of braided strips of leather, that comes in black, brown and blue



The new long bloomers of Italian silk, reaching to the tops of the shoes, that Angelina saw when she went to purchase her pair for motoring. They come in almost all colors

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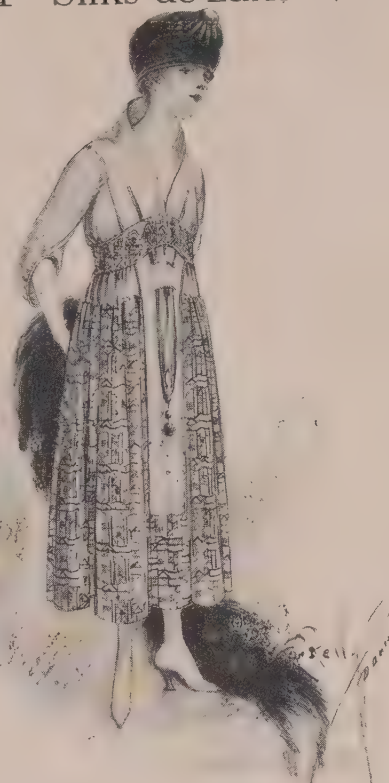
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Beauty Acts

THE makeup that goes on just before the artist steps to the footlights does not make beauty, nor does the use of any preparation which happens to strike your fancy.

When a producer of a play picks his stars he selects them according to the way they fit into his play and the way they harmonize with everything he wishes to affect.

Mme. Rubinstein never permits her patron to pick a cream or powder or lotion haphazardly. No woman should ever go to the bargain counter and select a product without knowing absolutely whether it is meant for her particular type of beauty and the constitution of her skin.

Mme. Rubinstein discovers into what classification you may be placed, and then she tells you what to use. You know when she advises a given preparation that it must bring quick results because it has been used successfully for just the purpose you seek and for just the kind of skin you possess.

Write to Mme. Rubinstein. She will bring out by correspondence (if you cannot call) the facts she needs to know. For general use she recommends the following Standard preparations:

VALAZE \$1.25, \$2.25 and \$6.00.

Restores, stimulates, youthifies and beautifies complexion. Clears skin of tan, freckles and sallowness; wards off wrinkles and flabbiness.

VALAZE Skin-toning Lotion, Companion preparation to Valaze. For a greasy or normal skin. Price, \$1.25, \$2.25 and \$5.00. For a dry skin the "Special" should be used. Price, \$2.00 and \$4.00.

VALAZE Blackhead and Open Pore Paste, \$1.00 and \$2.00.

Refines coarse skin texture; removes greasiness, blackheads, and reduces enlarged pores.

A copy of Madame Rubinstein's booklet, "Beauty in the Making," will be sent on receipt of 3c stamp to cover postage.

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8017 Zimple Street.

"Now when I've added a small dressing-jacket to slip in my bag—a kimono takes up too much room—I think I'm through," Angelina told herself, "and unless I'm much mistaken I know where to pick that up for a song."

* * *

She was *not* mistaken, and found just what she wanted, an adorable fluff of pale blue crêpe de chine and lace, with such an air, and all for a price several pennies this side of five dollars. As mother had said, "Trust Angelina!"

That finished Angelina's preparedness program, but before going home she telephoned Mother to find out if there was anything she could do for her.

* * *

"A Shetland wool veil, please," responded Mother, "I've lost the one I had and I can't motor without a Shetland veil. There's only one place to get the kind I want and that's in the sweater department at Blank's. They import them from Scotland and yet they're cheaper there than anywhere else."

So Angelina drove down the Avenue and rounded up and retrieved the Shetland veil, white with a strip of faint brown and a soft green woven in the border. Also a motor cap that wouldn't take up any room in the bag and that was so ingenious and alluring you had to own it, whether you really could get along without it or not,—of wool jersey (Angelina chose a sunflower yellow color) which fitted tight over the head fastening with a snapper under the chin and with ends tapering to an attached tassel that wound round the neck and tied back or front, as you pleased. There you were snug-as-a-bug-in-a-rug, all stray breezes kept out and all stray locks kept in.

* * *

With such clever purchasing to her credit Angelina at peace with the world leisurely sauntered her way out through the store, stopping to



A becoming and efficient motor cap of wool jersey to keep stray breezes out and stray locks in place. Also excellent for skating or any outdoor sports. It comes in yellow, emerald green, old rose, blue, black



Grace Valentine of "Lombardi, Ltd" is wearing just the dress for out-dooring in the Sunny South. Madame Haverstick has taken for the skirt the Burbura mixture in the tint of the roses and has topped it with khaki-kool as fleecy as the clouds and then to draw it all together has added ribbon as blue as the skies

cast her trained eye over this or that counter. On the main aisle that eye was at once arrested by a long counter of silks of an unusual and foreign air.

The silks included such differing types as heavy colorful brocades rich with gold and silver, and fine lighter weight silks, done in stencilling, in tie-dyes, in Batik work. Angelina made inquiry. What *was* all this varied silken splendor?

It was a very particular haul from Japan, she was told. Some of the brocades had been made originally for the Japanese Imperial household: those, for instance, priced at one hundred and fifty dollars a yard. At the other end of the scale were fourteen-inch wide Japanese Batiks at a dollar and fifty cents a yard. These came only in combinations of reds and browns and yellows and blacks, such wonderful flaming vermillions and brilliant oranges as we are familiar with from the Japanese pottery. They were to be used for sashes, for scarfs, for bags, to introduce a bit of color on hats (a large consignment had just gone to a big Fifth Avenue milliner) or on frocks. In between the brocades and the Batiks were plaided and hand-stencilled Japanese silks of regulation width.

* * *

We are in communication with Angelina, who will be glad to tell promptly where anything she sees may be purchased, if you will write her care of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

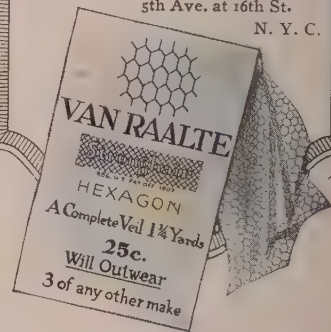


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El-Rado removes hair from the face, lip, neck, or underarms in the same simple way that water removes dirt. The sanitary lotion first dissolves the hair,—then it is washed off. Much more agreeable and "womanly" than the use of a razor. El-Rado is absolutely harmless, and does not increase or coarsen later hair growth.

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VICTOR RECORDS

TWO records of Brahms Hungarian Dances, as rendered by the famous Philadelphia Orchestra of 94 musicians, appear in the list of Victor Records for January. They are delightful records, rich in the tone quality for which this orchestra is noteworthy. A new field of musical enjoyment has thus been brought within the compass of the home—the instrumental music of the world's largest orchestras. The two dances selected for this occasion, "No. 5" and "No. 6," are interesting for their wide variety of melody, rhythm and harmony.—*Adv.*

COLUMBIA RECORDS

AMONG the noted Columbia artists who appear in the January offerings are Lazaro, Barrientos, Stracciari, Rothier and Grainger.

Lazaro's ringing tones are heard in the fiery "Tremble, Ye Tyrants!" from "Il Trovatore." Mme. Barrientos sings with fine emotional intensity the "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto." Stracciari's melodious rendition of "Oh, Bright and Fleeting Shadows," from Verdi's "Ernani" comes close on the heels of the Italian baritone's highly successful debut with the Chicago Opera organization.—*Adv.*

THE NEW FUR MOTOR COAT



Miss Lillian Spencer, recently seen with the Coburn Players, in a Balch Price motor coat of Australian opossum. Very particular opossum skins in this coat, thick and soft as plumage, making it marvelously warm and light

WE have already exclaimed our admiration in these columns for the remarkable work that the fur people are doing this year in their manipulation of skins. But the fact bears repetition—all true exclamations repeat themselves anyway—especially with regard to the new motor coats that that progressive fur house, Balch Price, is turning out.

You may now have a motor coat of furs as supposedly bulk-producing as Australian opossum, or as bunched as raccoon skin, so kneaded and cut and fitted together as to give slender lines. The Balch Price designers and cutters seem to have mastered the problems and possibilities of their medium and hesitate no more in creating a fur model than if they had to deal with pieces of cloth or velvet.

Hence you get such an unusual lovely motor coat as the one of Australian opossum shown here, a coat which, though its fur is thick and wind-resisting and as warm as toast, is withal marvelously light. Everything has been thought of in its composition, the "automobile sweep" to the skirt, which gives plenty of room to sit down in in the car, the gay lining, with chic inside pockets, to show when the coat is thrown back.

You get such a coat as the raccoon

skin one of beautifully blended dark brown and white skins—the darker the fur the finer the quality of the skin, you know—which even a plump person may wear, it is claimed.

If neither of these make an entire appeal to you there is a coat of natural rat, one of the season's favorites, whose skins are so dark and so matched as to look at a slight distance almost like sable; of taupe-dyed nutria—also a very warm and light fur—with a stunning lining of red and blue plaid; of leopard skin with border of raccoon on the bottom, big collar and cuffs, a yellow lining with green squares, and rectangular tortoise-shell buttons; and a little lower down the scale in beauty, to my mind, though the fur is a novelty of the season and some women like it very much, coats of natural seal. This is the fur of the common or zoo seal of our acquaintance who doesn't travel far enough north to develop the soft, under-fur from which we get the Hudson seal.

As an interesting footnote to all this artistry and after you have accepted the universal fact that furs on sale everywhere are high in price, raccoon almost double what it was last year, you will find that Balch Price will give you more than interesting values on all the wares in their big store.

A RAY OF HOPE FOR DRAMATIC CRITICISM

(Continued from page 14)

giving his name as Fred Stone of 110 East 46th Street, was the main cause of the gathering, it was argued. His speeches and actions were followed by applause and laughter on the part of the people. According to several eye witnesses, the crowd seemed to have found its way to the theatre by buying small cardboard tickets from a man in the office who afterward gave his name as John Lewis of 64 West 10th Street. After remaining in the theatre for two hours and forty-eight minutes, the crowd broke up and dispersed. There was no rioting. It was later brought out at police headquarters, that the man called Stone was an actor, and that he was appearing in a play called "Jack O' Lantern."

WANTED—A THEATRE MANAGER

(Continued from page 7)

ddling shoes or selling of sugar. They have given us Shaw, you say? Yes, they have given us Shaw. But George Bernard seems to me another camouflage. He has never yet turned out one vital play. The nearest approach to one he has made perhaps is "Candida." And that will hardly go down through the ages. I hope I can admire George Bernard's diagrams. I feel sure that I enjoy some of his paradoxes. But when people talk of Shaw, I hark back to Gilbert. Compared with works so brilliant as "The Wicked World" and "The Palace of Truth" (Miss George, I hope will yet restore them to us) the most glittering skits and plays of G. B. S. are as brass to gold.

It might be the privilege of our managers to promote taste, to inspire faith, to whip hypocrisy. They could do this by putting on, not disguised fairy tales and flaunting eg shows, but plays, real plays, which reflect life and truth. As it is, I fear that most—not all—of them have lowered taste and art by selling their heritage for a mess of pottage.

"ELEVATION"

(Continued from page 12)

I believe he loves me as I love him. He does not lie; he could not lie to me the day before his death. He has done foolish things—what man does not? Do not judge him by that and do not fear about me. He is as incapable of doing me a wrong as he is of abandoning his soldier's post!

Moved by this great devotion, André sends Suzanne back to her wounded hero.

In the hospital scene which carries the last act, the elevation which has brought about a change in the lover is related by him simply and like a man facing death.

LOUIS—Suzanne, do you know that our love began at Oudecapelle?

SUZANNE—Began?

LOUIS—Before then it was not beautiful. When you gave yourself to me, I despised your passionate confidence, your tender heart, all the treasures of your silence. I was another man then. Ah, how poor I was! Promise never to recall that time. Promise never to mingle it with the glorious days that followed.

SUZANNE—What do you mean?

LOUIS—The real love was to come.... it began at Oudecapelle! One night, a night in Lorraine in my trench, I had been listening to two of my comrades who were exchanging confidences. Oh, little, trivial things. But each of their phrases commenced with—my wife. I went outside. It was a foggy night. I passed the barriers.... nothing stirred. And in that silence, in that strange solitude I saw you! You were in your bed with your limbs drawn up, you were writing to me on your knees. Sometimes you lifted your face, full of thought, of anxiety for me! I saw you so plainly, my poor palpitating faithful one! And all at once I heard my own voice saying aloud: "My wife!" It was the first time. "My wife, my wife!"

MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 24)

BROADHURST. "HER REGIMENT." Operetta in three acts. Book and lyrics by William Le Baron; music by Victor Herbert. Produced on November 12th.

"Her Regiment" is a little operetta, something entirely different from the usual Broadway musical production. The music is melodious, yet lacks the charm and distinction of some of Victor Herbert's earlier works.

Donald Brian made a dashing French soldier.

KNICKERBOCKER. "ART AND OPPORTUNITY." Comedy in three acts by Harold Chapin. Produced on November 26th.

I have frequently maintained that many a good comedy idea has been sacrificed by trying to string it out to a full evening's entertainment. This is one of the troubles with "Art and Opportunity," the piece by Harold Chapin, the promising Brooklyn youth who lost his life at the front.

Produced originally in London by Marie Tempest. Eleanor Painter played the leading rôle when presented at the Knickerbocker.

An American widow first becomes engaged to a young man, subsequently to his titled father and in the end winds up by marrying the secretary of a duke, who, in the meantime has trembled lest he too should fall into her snare; a scheme of theatrical life which calls for dextrous handling lest the monotony of progression make simply for tiresome repetition. It is carefully written and contains many bright lines.

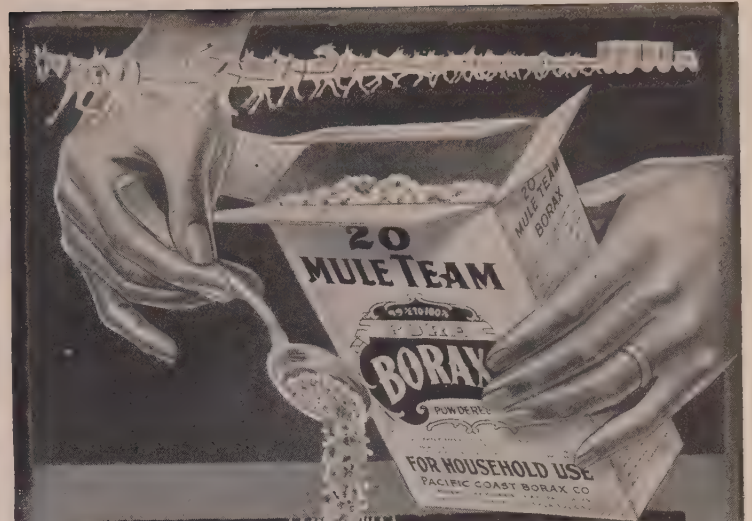
The second act is capital but the whole piece is immature in treatment and needs for the widow a more experienced comedienne than Miss Painter, who, nevertheless, looks pretty, sings admirably and does what she has been told to do with a neatness wholly lacking in inspiration. The fussy little Duke is acted with fine comic distinction by Cecil Yapp.

HARRIS. "THE NAUGHTY WIFE." Farce in three acts by Fred Jackson. Produced on November 17th.

A husband intercepts his wife as she is about to flee with her lover with whom her relations have been proper enough and suggests that she, accompanied by her maid, and the man in the case, should spend their "honeymoon" at his bungalow on Long Island. He forces them to agree. The man in the case has been attentive to a widow. The husband turns up immediately at the bungalow, and presently comes the widow. The happenings bring about reconciliations. Lucile Watson as the widow contributed largely to the success of the little play. Charles Cherry played the husband with persuasive lightness of touch. A preponderance of well-written scenes and the good acting in them make the play possible.

EMPIRE. "THE THREE BEARS." Comedy in three acts by Edward Childs Carpenter. Produced on November 13th.

Romanticism and child's play run together. So it is that a certain naïveté attaches to all plays even remotely suggested by nursery lore. In a play of the kind, everybody, including the audience, has to pretend to believe or to be something. Mr. Carpenter's latest transmogrification of a child's story is "The Three Bears," in which three men, in a camp in the Maine woods, pretend to be bearish and, from one reason or another, to hate women. A mildly interesting play in which the actors are capable.



For the Toilette

SOFT water cleanses much better than hard. Nothing softens water as well as Borax. That's why you should sprinkle a little 20 Mule Team Borax in the water before you take your bath. But

20 MULE TEAM BORAX

is more than a water softener. It is an antiseptic, it keeps the pores free and clean, is an excellent deodorant, refreshes the skin and keeps the complexion clear.

Always use this Borax in baby's bath—it is very soothing to tender skin.

You will find many uses for 20 Mule Team Borax in the kitchen and laundry. Be sure to see the picture of the famous 20 Mules on every package.

All Dealers sell

20 MULE TEAM BORAX

For the Bath

WHO IS HOOVER AND WHAT IS HE DOING?

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS



THIS new-born year which may rank as the most momentous in history, comes into existence with the world's greatest war on its hands—and a wolf snarling nearby.

The wolf is famine.

For decades in a land of unprecedented plenty we have been feeding this wolf. Waste is its favorite food. Which being the case, we Americans may be said to have made a pet of this most fearful pest.

"But surely there is no real danger of famine, is there?" asks the average American.

Yes, there is. Already its fangs are deep sunk in certain far places. Already in France, England, Belgium and Italy normal food allowance in many lines has been halved or quartered—and even neutral Europeans must submit to severe diet discipline. By now these nations and our own would be much nearer the verge of possible starvation but for one boyish man.

That was my first thought when Herbert Hoover's smile illuminated a full round face as he extended to me the hand that to-day is holding this wolf at bay,—his boyishness. He has the youth of enthusiasm,—but it is intellectual enthusiasm rather than emotional.

"Who is he, anyhow?" has come in chorus from a hundred million people. His classmates of Leland-Stanford remembered him, of course, and men of varied palm textures and assorted financial ratings in a dozen different parts of the world knew him as a successful exemplar of ability and daring—a Quaker product who made his mundane debut in West Branch, Iowa, two years before our Government held its hundredth birthday party in Philadelphia.

At nine he was an orphan, bound for Oregon to live with kin. At thirteen he was self-supporting and at seventeen entered the Stanford University, whence he was graduated in 1895 as a mining engineer. To list his movements from that time until he was selected to defend Belgium against famine, would look like a page from a railroad time-table.

On his way up—commonsense plus hard work kept him ascending—we find him in New Mexico, Colorado, California, Australia, China, Alaska, India and Russia.

In 1914, at his fortieth milestone, he had offices in San Francisco, New York and London, and was managing the affairs of world-scattered enterprises employing 125,000 men.

This is the skeleton of a career of super-activity, replete with romance and adventure.

Then came the rape of Belgium, and suddenly Herbert Hoover found himself feeding the victims of a system which calls sacred treaties scraps of paper.

Almost over night he became a world figure. The Commission for Relief in Belgium, which he organized, distributed daily rations to 10,000,000 people for three years. In this enormous task it has imported into Belgium food to the value of nearly \$400,000—at a total overhead expense of three-eighths of one per cent.

As an economic achievement, this probably is without parallel. It wasn't surprising, therefore, that when we entered the war, Hoover should be called back home to captain the forces fighting waste. He came and went to work. He knew what was before him—the squaring of decreased supplies with increased needs.

He knew beans were the best bullets in this war; that corn could do more than cannon.

IF—and this comes near to being the biggest "if" ever encountered—the people of America could suddenly be made to understand that plenty had passed away! To make a thrift paragon of the prodigal, and to do this without cost of health, strength or satisfaction was the rock of Gibraltar that rose in front of this modest, approachable, unfrilled individual.

In his own words, the monumental task of the Food Administration is twofold—"(a) to provide our Allies and our own soldiers at the front with a supply of food ample enough to enable them to win the war. And at the same time (b) to provide enough food for the people



MR. HERBERT HOOVER
A dynamic doer of deeds

of this country at prices which shall be as moderate as the extraordinary war-time conditions permit; to accomplish this by the co-operation of producer, distributor, and retailer with the Government, for the greatest good of the greatest number; and to use such compulsory measures as have been conferred upon the Food Administration by law to safeguard the public against individual greed or concerted extortion."

He admits the first part of this task, however large, is less difficult than the second.

"The first part," he says, "can be accomplished only by increased production and conservation. Conservation means to waste less of all foods and to save a sufficient quantity of necessary foods which can readily be shipped overseas. The foods specially needed are wheat, beef, pork, dairy products and sugar. To gain the amount required for shipment abroad, it is essential that every family and every person—young and old—should try to eliminate waste and to substitute other foods for those needed.

"The second part is more complex. Shortage of labor and resultant high wages on the farm and in the shop, shortage of food crops in Europe, shortage of shipping because of destruction by submarines—these and other factors contribute to raised prices.

"On the one hand, there is the consuming public to satisfy—a public which naturally thinks more of what it has to pay for certain commodities than of the causes which lead to high prices. On the other hand the Food Administration

must see to it that the production of food is not curtailed and that producers and distributors are not deprived of fair profits or unjustly interfered with in the conduct of their business. Furthermore, the Food Administration has no legal power to fix retail prices or to regulate directly the retail trade."

Despite these difficulties, this dynamic doer of deeds believes that with the co-operation of patriotic citizens of all classes—producers, dealers and consumers—the aims already outlined may be attained. In fact, his plan for food control has already been effective in the case of two most important food products—wheat and sugar. When a famine in these foods loomed large, he invited to Washington every manufacturer of these products for a conference, the object of which was to work out the best and most economical method for the equal distribution of restricted available supplies.

In straight simple terms Mr. Hoover explained the situation. He made plain that his first concern was the American people, his next concern was the welfare of our Allies and that the sole object of food control was to lighten the burden which must now be borne. These manufacturers were organized and then through them the co-operation of the brokers of the country was secured. Everyone who knows trade conditions recognizes that Mr. Hoover by this method averted a sugar panic and stabilized the wheat market.

His entire scheme of food control is to accomplish conservation without subjecting this nation to such food privation as circumstances have forced on the nations of Europe.

He is trying to make the American people see that foodless larders can defeat a cause as quickly as powderless guns—and even more effectively. For foodless larders prepare the way for disease, the deadliest of all foes.

For many years we have wasted through our kitchens alone \$700,000,000 worth of food annually. Our garbage pails have been a disgrace to civilization—a reflection on our boasted progress. The average person seldom stops to think how such waste accumulates, yet the daily waste of one slice of bread in each of this country's homes means a daily loss of one million loaves, which represents 7,000,000 bushels of wheat yearly. The saving of one ounce of meat a day for each person would equal 4,440,000 beeves in twelve months.

These are mere signs of what can be accomplished through elimination of food waste. And such a reduction not only would win the war, but insure to our people physical benefits wholly in keeping with the ideals for which we have pledged our all. One of the best moves we could make would be a larger cutting down in our daily allowance of food than any yet suggested by the Food Administration.

For such a course would mean the winning of health—a conquest of perhaps seventy-five per cent. of the disease which now costs so heavily in death and depletion of efficiency. So Herbert Hoover, led to this great work by a ghastly god, is teaching us more than how to win this war with food. He is helping us to health.

The final measure of success, however, rests with the people. It is ours to decide whether or not waste shall be conquered. If we so will, two wars may be won. The perfidious doctrine that might makes right may be shattered and the giant destroyer, Waste, exiled.

MOTION PICTURE SECTION

Edited by MIRILO



Photo White

M A D G E E V A N S

A screen child wonder, whose latest World Film Picture, "The Volunteer," directed by Harley Knoles, is said to be the best feature that diminutive Madge Evans has appeared in up to date

went back.

ANNE MEN

member of the fortunate resident or whereabouts company playing "Polly with a Past" at the Belasco, rather fancied in her childhood days that a circus career would be about the proper thing for her. At the age of 11 Miss Meredith, attending school in Toronto, ran away to join a traveling sawdust and elephant organization. Two unsympathetic parents, however,

small measure to the charm and authority of her portrayal.

A prominent role in A. E. Thomas's comedy, "What the Doctor Ordered," next engaged Miss Meredith's attention, and she followed this up by appearing with Margaret Hllington in "Kindling," in which her work as a young society girl interested in settlement work called forth considerable praise. Following this she was seen in "The In-

The seeker after Sunday night entertainment will have more than the number of attractions from which to make his choice tonight. A benefit performance at the Hippodrome will enlist the services of Jack Norworth, Louis Mann, Elsie Janis, Joan Sawyer, and Leo Carillo, among others; and there the Park, the Winter Garden and the 44th St.

HOW ARE THE PICTURES DOING?

An interesting analysis of conditions at present attending the manufacture and marketing of motion pictures is made by Samuel Goldfish, one of the first of the film pioneers, and now head of the Goldwyn Company. While Mr. Goldfish's sermon is in part a technical one, it deals with a matter which vitally affects the public which goes to the movies, and is particularly interesting in view of certain recent developments in pictures. The warning he sounds is that the films, if they are to continue to flourish, must retain their greatest safeguard—economy in price, based on economy in manufacture.

"The motion-picture industry is in a dangerous condition," Mr. Goldfish declares. "Disaster is very close indeed. The war has not hit attendance at motion-picture houses as hard as it has at the Broadway theatres, but that is only because the scale of prices is so much lower, and the great democratic audiences of the screen are drawn largely from those who are getting more employment and more profitable employment through the war. The success and the health of the motion picture is based on the modest price of admission at which good films can be seen. The dangerous, even disastrous conditions in the industry of which I have spoken are due to the fact that all manner of competitive extravagance is threatening to destroy that one safeguard—and, with it, the industry itself.

"I am not a calamity howler by temperament. And I'm not disgruntled for Goldwyn is getting its share, and more than its share, through the most careful attention to organization. But in the plain face of the criminal waste of the producer's money, the exhibitor's money, and—in the last analysis—the public's money, somebody should speak out plainly.

"If you ask me what is wrong with this topheavy industry of ours, I should say—organization. Fundamentally all our producing organizations are wrong. Fundamentally all our distributing organizations are wrong.

"Take distribution. There are about twenty-five different distributing organizations in America all of them maintaining some two dozen branch offices throughout the country. These twenty-five exchanges serving the State of Maine, to take a single flagrant example, have only twenty-eight cities and towns—small ones at that—in which to sell films. Think of the absurdity of twenty-five salesmen trying to sell the same product—motion-picture entertainment—to only twenty-eight customers! It is worse than absurd. It is ruinous. The cost to a producer of maintaining his score of exchanges, with managers, salesmen, clerks, stenographers, film inspectors, and traveling men, is easily \$10,000 a week. And no exchange is working at anything approaching half

its capacity. Two big distributing organizations could handle all the films in America—and save the industry \$200,000 a week. That \$10,000,000 a year would mean something to producers, to exhibitors, and to the public. To get another angle on it, suppose every magazine in America maintained its own exclusive distributing channels. Would The Cosmopolitan still sell for 20 cents or Harper's Magazine for 35 cents?

"We are facing just the same problem in production—lack of organization and topheavy financing. Everybody in the industry is being overpaid except the pocketbooks that furnish the capital. All in a mad, unscientific scramble for a very few illusory big profits which have been made here and there.

"The cost of production has gone up at a terrific rate, a rate that the public has no conception of. When we made the first Geraldine Farrar picture, 'Carmen,' during my connection with the Lasky Company, it cost only \$35,000. Today the same production could not be duplicated for less than \$150,000.

"Rentals, the prices charged exhibitors for the films, have advanced accordingly. To pay these increased rentals the exhibitors have had to increase prices—to strike at the prop of popularity on which the public's love for this new entertainment fundamentally rests. The producer, in turn, has had to put more and more money into productions in order to give the exhibitor the quality pictures which will induce the public to pay higher admission prices. Obviously, the producer is paying too much, the exhibitor is paying too much, and the public—through all this extravagance—is paying too much. It is a vicious circle that only the producer can break.

"It isn't easy—trying to put matters right. See what happens under this condition of abnormal competition. A man who has picked up enough capital in Wall Street to make a single picture can jump in, offer some big star a fabulous salary—about all the money he has—and then, with the contract safe in his pocket draw forth enough further capital to start making pictures. Meanwhile his big salary to the star has done its great harm and sent other salaries skyrocketing.

"The exhibitors themselves are now coming into this game. Some of the theatre owners have organized a circuit which has gone into a new form of production and distribution and is now bidding against the producers for stars. Up go salaries again. And up go rentals, too.

"It has got to the state where, if a star wakes up and finds it's a nice day she makes up her mind she wants a million dollars instead of eight hundred thousand.

"The joke of it is that there aren't twelve stars in pictures that really draw money to the box office. For the balance, the industry is simply wasting

money in extravagant competition for a doubtful product—personal fame. For no matter how big a star may be, unless there is a big story, too, business will begin to wane after the first night. Broadway has found that the star is very nearly played out as a lone drawing card. Some of its biggest stage figures have had ignominious failures this season because their plays were no better than the so-called 'vehicles' which had done service for them in the past. The screen is as 'star-crazy' as the stage was five and ten years ago, but evolution is at work in the studios quite as much as on Broadway.

"Another tremendous evil of the industry's disorganization is the overproduction of pictures. We are making too many for either profit or art. More than twenty long feature films are being turned out every week. We could get along with ten. We could give them to the exhibitors for less, and they would earn more money for us. The public would like them better and talk about them more. Word of mouth advertising would take the place of exploiting star names. It is simply impossible to find good stories at the rate they are demanded by our present system.

"Spending money for famous plays to make into films is no cure-all. Goldwyn encountered a very interesting difficulty with Margaret Mayo's 'Baby Mine.' A year or so ago film versions of plays were supposed to kill theatrical versions. The all-star 'Trilby' had to quit because it found the film 'Trilby' taking all its business and utilizing the advertising it had created. Right now, within my own knowledge, the condition has been reversed. When 'Baby Mine' was announced in a large up-State city, a stock company promptly put the play into rehearsal and got the benefit of all our publicity.

What's to be done about all this? Well, first of all, box-office prices must be kept within reason—or this great, popular, democratic industry will be killed. The strength of the motion picture lies not in its novelty—which would have been exhausted long ago—but in its ability to satisfy a great, broad desire for entertainment at a price within the reach of all the people. The two-dollar spectacle is done for. As a matter of fact, there was only one that ever made money. And for every dollar made by 'The Birth of a Nation' twice as much has been lost by producers who tried to follow that lead.

"The big factor in keeping down moving-picture prices, I feel, is the producer. He must organize. The great steel industry was in just such a chaotic condition before the coming of the United States Steel Corporation. If the producing factors in moving pictures do not shortly come to their senses, I predict failure—spectacular failure—for a great many of the leading plungers of blindom today."

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CAMOUFLAGE, MR. GOLDFISH, CAMOUFLAGE



ON the opposite page is reprinted from the *New York Times* of Sunday, November 25th, an analysis of motion pictures by Samuel Goldfish, the head of the Goldwyn Company.

Your analysis is an interesting and remarkable one, Mr. Goldfish, interesting in view of the times, and remarkable for the optimism you display. So the motion picture industry is in a dangerous condition and disaster is very close indeed. Well, well, as they say in the classics, "who would have thunk it"? This is 1918, Mr. Goldfish, and according to you everything is going to the dogs. The industry is top-heavy, organization is all wrong, distribution has never been right, stars are getting too much money, picture producers should merge, rentals are too high, too much big capital can be picked up in Wall Street and too many long features are being made. And you say you are not a calamity howler by temperament, and yet the very facts you so piteously bewail, Mr. Goldfish, you and your company have done and are doing.

You would do away with competition by merging, Mr. Goldfish, and think that by so doing you could save the industry \$200,000 a week, not stopping to realize that the petty jealousies of the very producers you would unite make your plan impossible. You say that before the coming of the U. S. Steel Corporation that industry was in just such a chaotic condition. You should read up a bit on U. S. Steel, Mr. Goldfish, and you will realize that U. S. Steel is not the trust you suppose it to be, and that its very success is enhanced by the competition it has.

Had a statement of motion picture conditions, Mr. Goldfish, come from such a concern as Paramount, Fox, Universal, Pathé, or Metro Pictures, that statement might have carried some weight, but coming as it does from a baby concern like the Goldwyn, it is almost ludicrous were it not for its impertinence.

You lament the fact that Wall Street capital may at any time enter into the industry thereby increasing the cost of production, but, Mr. Goldfish, it would be interesting to know how many stockholders in your corporation are Wall Street men. Perhaps there are none, yet I have heard differently.

You say that you are not disgruntled and that Goldwyn is getting its share and more than its share. Share of what, Mr. Goldfish, Cancellations? Letters of disappointment from exhibitors who have booked your pictures?

How if you object to the enormous salaries paid to stars and directors, did you wean Geraldine Farrar away from Artcraft? How did you succeed in making R. A. Walsh, the able Fox Director, see the advantage of joining your forces? Perhaps you used some other argument other than the American dollar, but I doubt it.

No, Mr. Goldfish, your little speech coming in these times and lacking as it does in logic can only be construed one way. Are you preparing something new against the time when Goldwyn pictures will be a thing of the past?

As this issue of the *THEATRE MAGAZINE* goes to press I learn that Adolph Klauber, formerly Dramatic Critic of the *Times*, has resigned from his position as Casting Director for Goldwyn Pictures. There is a rumor along the Great White Way that the stars and directors of the Goldwyn Company have connected themselves with a big successful producing organization, and while this sounds plausible, we cannot vouch for its accuracy.

MIRILO.



BRADY TELLS WHY WORLD FILM CO. IS PROSPERING

(N. Y. REVIEW, Dec. 9)

THE World Film Corporation," said William A. Brady, Director General, "approaches the end of the year in a most enviable state of prosperity. At a time when the doctors are vehemently disagreeing as to what ails the motion picture industry and how the malady shall be banished, we find ourselves at a higher point of earnings and in possession of a greater quantity of perfectly sound, tangible, negotiable assets than at any moment in our career.

"This is not said in any spirit of boastfulness, nor is it in the nature of crowing over those who are unable at this time to render a similar report. Conditions such as those which occasion the general complaints flaunted before the public recently are indeed regrettable, whatever their cause, and are to be viewed with the deepest concern.

"Thus, without uttering any reflections upon the prevailing situation and the matters which have brought it about, we may revert at this time to the policies and principles which have resulted in the existing happy condition of World-Pictures—policies and principles which I have described on various occasions only to call out vigorous criticism.

"In the first place, we have observed sapient in our productions. We never have yielded to the temptation to compete for the services of stars already immensely over-paid. On the other hand, when our own stars, acquiring great popularity under World development, have approached

with largely increased offers from other companies, we have not made the slightest effort to meet those offers.

"We insist only upon keeping our outlay within limitations which permit us to sell a completed picture to the exhibitor at a price he can afford to pay.

"This has been accomplished to the complete satisfaction of the public and the exhibitors. We have produced pictures, while adhering strictly to these lines, which have not been charged with falling short in any particular. On the other hand, our photoplays, mostly in five reels, have been frequently and favorably compared with the special price pictures produced upon a scale of prodigality amounting simply to waste.

"Dependability was what we sought for World-Pictures—dependability in the dealings by which they reached the public through the exhibitors.

"Upon several occasions—an instance of which was supplied by 'Rasputin, the Black Monk'—we assumed a very much increased outlay upon a production of greater length than usual, and sold it to our customers without adding to the regular price. This also was a part of our policy—to give the public and the exhibitors, where possible, more than had been contemplated in the original bargain.

"We believe the present highly desirable position of World-Pictures is an eloquent object lesson, demonstrating the value of sanity in production and good faith in delivery."



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

One of the ablest, most competent as well as the most beautiful of screen artists, now owning her own company

MIRILO GOES TO THE MOVIES



STRAND. "BLOOD-STAINED RUSSIA." Presented by Donald C. Thompson.

A close-up of the latest Russian soldier, revolutionist, anarchist and pro-german propagandists are all vividly portrayed in Donald C. Thompson's sensational war picture "Blood-Stained Russia." These pictures show an intimate glimpse of the crowded streets of Petrograd, and the death-ridden battle-fronts of Russia.

In the sub-titles of the picture, wherever the word german or hun appears, these words are spelled with small letters. This I consider the blindest insulting slur conceivable and one which should be adopted by all American publications. It was a remarkably clever thought, and the added plea for the expulsion of pro-germans in this country make this picture gruesome but enlightening entertainment.

* * *

RIALTO. "THE ETERNAL TEMPTRESS," with Lina Cavalieri.

Adolph Zukor presents Lina Cavalieri in "The Eternal Temptress," Madame Fred de Gresac, directed by Emile Chautard. "The Eternal Temptress" is a misnamed picture

with a star who may be able to sing, but as a screen actress will never shine. As the temptress there is nothing eternal about Lina Cavalieri. But in the story she manages to nearly ruin Elliott Dexter in the person of Harry Althrop who, by the way, walks away with the picture. Harry Althrop is some salesman. He sells his own honor, his country's honor, and almost spills the beans for the Italian Army, but is saved by Princess Cordelia, otherwise Lina Cavalieri, who brings back the papers, invites Harry to redeem himself by becoming an officer in the Italian Army and finishes the picture and most of the audience by swallowing something in a small glass tube. Curtain.

* * *

LYRIC. "LES MISERABLES," with William Farnum.

The 1917 American picturization of "Les Miserables" has been adapted and was directed for the screen by Frank Lloyd with William Farnum as Jean Valjean. As an American representation of a famous novel, the picture version of "Les Miserables," as presented by William Fox, is a worthy effort, particularly rendered so by the inspired performance

of William Farnum. Aside from Farnum's acting, which is a big feature of the picture, there is a decided tendency to drag. The big scenes seemed a bit too far apart which tends to make an otherwise excellent picture a trifle monotonous.

* * *

RIALTO. "UNTIL THEY GET ME," with Pauline Starke.

"Until They Get Me" is a story of the Canadian Northwest mounted police produced by the Triangle Film Corporation from the pen of Kenneth B. Clark, and directed by Frank Borzage. "Until They Get Me" has accomplished just one point which entitles it to presentation on the Rialto screen. A possible new star in the person of Pauline Starke is introduced. Miss Starke's performance is the only redeeming feature of an otherwise usual picture. Miss Starke seems to be a mixture of the Gish sisters with a bit of Mae Marsh added—an entirely delightful combination and one which, if properly handled, should produce results.

* * *

STRAND. "TOM SAWYER," with Jack Pickford.

"Tom Sawyer," a Famous Players-Paramount production by Mark Twain, presents Jack Pickford in the title rôle. To tell the story of Tom Sawyer would be almost an insult. Therefore, I'll skip that part and come to Jack Pickford as Tom. No better performance has ever been registered by this member of an already famous family, and the part of Tom Sawyer comes as natural to Jack Pickford as the clothes he wears. In fact, the entire cast, settings, photography and lighting all help to make this film delightful entertainment.

* * *

ADELPHI. "THE SQUARE DECEIVER," with Harold Lockwood.

"The Square Deceiver" is adapted from the novel "Love Me for Myself Alone," by Francis Perry Elliott and produced by Metro Pictures Corporation. Rarely has Harold Lockwood been so well cast and rarely has he portrayed a character so ably as that of Billy Van Dyke, a wealthy youth, but withal a human one. The picture was well directed and Pauline Curley as Beatrice Forsythe deserves mention. "The Square Deceiver" ranks with "Mr. 44" and one or two other Lockwood pictures.

UNWINDING THE REEL



The first annual motion picture edition of the THEATRE MAGAZINE will be issued in conjunction with the June issue. The Eastern and Western studio sections will be conducted by Miss Mabel Condon.

* * *

Catherine Calvert will make a series of pictures for Frank A. Cheney of vaudeville fame.

* * *

Elsie Ferguson's next Arctcraft picture is entitled "Rose of the World," and is in course of production at the Port Lee studios under the direction of Maurice Tourneur.

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It is said that William Fox paid \$5,000 for the screen rights to "Les Miserables."

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Herbert Brenon has commenced work on his newest special film, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me."

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Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson has sailed for England having completed his work in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

Paramount Pictures Corporation announces that a series of two-reel features with Benjamin Chapin in the chief rôle, under the title, "The Son of Democracy," will be released shortly.

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The New Rivoli Theatre, under the direction of Samuel Rothapfel, will be opened with a new Douglas Fairbanks picture, entitled "A Modern Musketeer," released by Arctcraft.

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Ernest C. Warde, son of the English actor, Frederick Warde, has been engaged by Pathé to direct Frank Keenan.

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The third Petrova picture will be entitled "The Life Mask," which Frank Crane will direct.

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The forthcoming Edison seven-part picture based on the story, "The Three Things," by Mary Shipman Andrews will be released as "The Unbeliever." This picture will show United States Marine Corps officers in action.

The first picture that J. Stuart Blackton will make for Paramount in the West will be "Wild Youth," written by Sir Gilbert Parker. In the East he has produced "The Judgment House," which has been released, and "The World for Sale," which Paramount will release for January.

* * *

Jackie Saunders, well-known Balboa star, and the heroine of many thousand feet of film, is sojourning in New York.

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Tom Terris is now directing Alice Joyce for Greater Vitagraph and has just completed the Robert W. Chambers feature, "A Woman Between Friends."

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The first Petrova picture to be made by Madame's own company, entitled "A Daughter of Destiny," enjoyed a week's run at the Rialto.

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It is with great pleasure that we are able to inform you that Fred Stone, scarecrow of "The Wizard of Oz," star of a dozen musical comedies, and at present appearing in "Jack O' Lantern," is becoming a

comedy star of the moving pictures under the auspices of the Paramount Corporation and Jesse L. Lasky.

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"Jack Spurlock—Prodigal," written by George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* is to be filmed by William Fox. "Jack Spurlock—Prodigal" appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* in serial form.

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Doraldina, who will be paired with Antonio Moreno in the Pathé de luxe production, "The Naulahka," is credited with being one of the most accomplished Oriental dancers who ever appeared in New York City.

* * *

Lavish stage settings and cast are a feature of the Mutual production "Her Sister," starring Miss Olive Tell.

* * *

The Metro's last release this year features Harold Lockwood in "The Avenging Trail," adapted by Fred J. Balshofer and Mary Murillo from Henry Oyen's novel, "Gaston Olof," and staged under the direction of Francis Ford.

THREE WISE MEN OF THE MOVIES



THERE was a time when the motion picture director was as silent as a man being shaved. So far as public interest was concerned, he didn't amount to shucks. The movie-goer labored under the pleasant impression that the picture



DAVID W. GRIFFITH

actors merely wandered on to set scenes or into the sunlight stage and went through the motions that appealed to them in telling their story. There was no sign of the man behind the camera-crank.

Then David Wark Griffith came along and invented the close-up, and the ever-growing public began to recognize that there was somebody with a brain at work behind the film's delights.

DAVID W. GRIFFITH

A big man is David W. Griffith, on a big job, and with a big viewpoint. This is a discovery that you make after only a few minutes' conversation with him. If you speak to David Griffith about the ever-waging conflict, the "stage versus the motion picture," and speak of the attitude that many adherents to the Old Testament held towards the motion picture, you will find you have struck the mark.

"That is all wrong," he says. "When the present-day stage can show one-half to its credit that the motion picture can, then will be the time for criticism; assuredly to-day is not the time. The shoe is on the other foot. It is the stage that should be defended when in comparison with the motion picture.

"Suppose, for instance, that you were Milton, or Browning, or any of the poets whose work has lived for generations after them. Say that you had just written 'Paradise Lost' and wished to have it produced on the stage. To whom would you go? In your natural enthusiasm after the completion of a great work, to whom would you go and even expect a production? Can you imagine your reception in the aver-

age manager's office with a manuscript of a classic under your arm? Or, supposing the impossible, that you had secured a production, of what manager would you expect a performance that would contain any of the poetry, any of the soul of your work?

"Well, the motion picture has taken all of these works, has deemed none of them too 'highbrowed' and has 'got them across.' Perhaps the production was not always perfect, or wonderfully artistic, but the big idea was still there, still intact, and it reached the hearts of the spectators. The motion picture is doing daily more than the stage of to-day can think of doing.

"Directing for motion pictures, undoubtedly, is harder than directing for the stage. The stage director who knows absolutely nothing of pictures will throw up his hands in dismay when he begins to learn the many difficulties that surround picture work. For one thing, the film director's work is, in a sense, never done. After long rehearsals, and diligent study of the scene, he cannot congratulate himself because it appears to be going finely when the camera's crank turns. There are a multitude of pitfalls before the film will be shown on the screen. Perhaps your film stock was poor, there is danger in the developing of the negative, or making the positive prints. Then when the picture is seen on the screen you find that a stray ray of light has spoiled a much desired effect, or any one of a dozen little details that the stage director is entirely free from.

"I do not 'teach' the players with whom my name has been linked. We developed together, we found ourselves in a new art and we discovered the possibilities of that art we learned together.

"It is this learning, step by step, that brought about the 'close-up.' We were striving for real acting. When you saw only the small full-length figures it was necessary to have exaggerated acting what might be called 'physical' acting, the waving of hands and so on. The close-up enables us to reach real acting, restraint, acting that is a duplicate of real life. But the close-up was not accepted at once. It was called many names by men who now make use of it as a matter of course. 'Why,' said one man well known in the film world, 'that man Griffith is crazy, the characters come swimming in on the scene.'

"The future of the picture is a topic that usually makes me go into ecstasies. The big things it is possible for the picture to do make one feel at a loss for words. Just think of what it would mean as an educational force. Think what could be done with the picture if it came into the hands of a great political party with a big issue like that of slavery before the voters. Think of the big

stories that are yet to be filmed, the history of the world yet to be told in pictures for future centuries. And all of these things are not so far in the future as you may imagine."

CECIL B. DE MILLE

One of the synonyms that Peter Mark Roget,—he of the thumbed Thesaurus—gives to "director" is "master-paramount." Here then, is a lead for a few words about a motion picture director. The "master-paramount" gives connotation; for the master of Paramount is none other than Director Cecil B. De Mille.

True it is that Mr. Roget fills out his description of "director" with such illuminating synonyms as "caesar, kaiser, czar, sultan, caliph, khan, lama, tycoon, landaman, seyyid" and a few other unhappy mortals whose popularity has been on the wane, lo! these many years; but Cecil De Mille is none of these. His is a directordom of democracy.

"Both my brother William and I went into the moving pictures," he said, "because we saw a chance, not only to create through a new and untried art medium, but also to reach the largest audience in the world, a larger audience than had ever been reached in any known way. That is an inspiring thought. Let me give you figures.

"William's most successful stage play was 'Strongheart,' and I estimate that, at the outside, it has been seen by 3,000,000 persons. One of our most successful pictures here was 'The Cheat,' in which Sessue Hayakawa was starred. That picture has already been seen by more than 200,000,000 persons.

"Two hundred million,—count 'em! Twice the population of the United States. Millions in South America, in China, in Siberia, in Africa. And it's still packing them in.

"When I stopped working in the theatre there were a great many persons who said that the moving pictures were injuring the stage. I

disagree. I think the stage was injuring itself, that the sore was deep in its own vitals, and that it came from an insistent catering to the New York public, to the exclusion of the great American public outside New York.



CECIL B. DE MILLE

"The very fact that we are reaching so many people makes it necessary for us to go slowly in our experiments toward more artistic pictures. We realize that the time is not yet ripe for creating some of the things we have in mind. The people aren't yet ready for them. The stage can do things that we haven't yet attempted because the stage can appeal to a small, selected audience. We hold that it is just as important to help 20,000,000 persons to move forward one foot as it is to help 20,000 persons to move twenty feet.

"We find that pictures divide themselves into three classes, the epic, the dramatic, and the lyric. 'The Cheat' is an example of the dramatic picture, 'Joan the Woman' is an example of the epic, and 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm' and 'Seventeen' are examples of the lyric type. Of course this division is not hard and fast, and some pictures contain all three elements. But 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm' and 'Seventeen' have little of the dramatic in them, yet they have been most successful, because they both possess something of life that is lyric.

"When I first entered picture work I thought that the time would show a gradual elimination of the use of sub-titles. I now think in just the opposite way. Developments have shown that the sub-title, properly handled, does not halt the action and that it can improve a picture immensely. Of course there are certain types of pictures which can be produced most effectively with fewer sub-titles. But there are others, such as the pictures in which Douglas Fairbanks has been appear-



HUGH FORD



Marguerita Fischer, American Film Co. star, helping the boys in France



Edna Goodrich is looking for someone to take the place of the bundle. In "American Maids" that someone is found



An intimate glimpse of Julian Eltinge in a scene from "The Widow's Might." Note "the world is mine" expression on our hero's face



This is Ethel Teare, who has the unique distinction of having never appeared in a bathing suit in Paramount comedies



Our old pal Bill Hart in a reflective mood after wounding his protege in "The Silent Man," an Ince-Artcraft production



Roscoe Arbuckle and Alice Lake getting well acquainted with poultry in "A Country Hero," Fatty's newest Paramount comedy

(Continued from page 58)

ing, where clever sub-titles are a great help. Anita Loos, who writes the Fairbanks scenarios, has developed the satirical note very strongly in her work by the use of cleverly-worded sub-titles.

"In the matter of producing, a number of changes are taking place. For instance, the close-up. I hardly use it nowadays. I prefer to work on a small stage when the situation demands it, and make the whole scene intimate. In fact I often make pictures nowadays in which most of the action takes place on a stage four feet wide and about nine feet in front of the camera. It is possible to use as many as seven persons on a stage four feet wide.

"I am trying out another directing method that I believe is going to be very useful. I let the extra girl or the girl in the small part go through the star's big scene with the star looking on. This is done in three or four or more rehearsals and it has three very decided advantages. It does not make necessary the star tiring herself out walking through a scene just to get the mechanical details; it gives the girl playing the small part a chance to learn and to show what she can do; and it gives the star a chance to see how the scene looks and what method to pursue to make it most effective."

HUGH FORD

Back in the days when the films were struggling along valiantly and most successfully in their battle with the stage, they acquired a convert in the person of a man who knew all about the stage and a little about the films. To-day he knows an astonishing amount about both. His name is Hugh Ford.

Hugh Ford is a great director. He is one of the men who helped to place the Famous Players on their present pinnacle. An expert in stage management, he directed "The Eternal City," "Zaza," "Mrs. Dane's Defense" and many others and he is now director-general of the Famous Players-Lasky's Eastern productions. Mr. Ford has done some of the most remarkable work that has been done in motion pictures. And yet practically nothing has been said about Hugh Ford. The reason is that he does a tremendous amount of work, and has a horror of press agents.

If an interview is suggested to Mr. Ford, Mr. Ford is just leaving for Florida to take some scenes in "The Seven Swans" or off in a boat to catch a scene for "Jealousy." But one day Mr. Ford stayed in his office a few minutes. There came a reporter and sat down beside him. He was cornered. Whereupon the reporter learned and now duly states that in place of a long harangue about art in moving pictures, Mr. Ford said that he had had to move the day before. The new apartment is a few blocks further down on Riverside Drive, because Miss Jean,

boss of the Ford family, willed it so. Mr. Ford, it might as well be said once and for all, is a "family man" in the best sense and when he has to talk the only subject is what Jean likes. Once he forgot himself and talked about the films.

"I'm more and more pleased with the spirit of the Famous Players," he said. "They don't make any pose about doing pictures merely for art's sake, but within the limits of commercialism I think they do just as fine work as they can. Of course every now and then we run into a 'bad one' and sometimes—very rarely—we have two productions in succession that are disappointing—you might call them from our standpoint 'heart-breakers'—but those can't be avoided in motion pictures any more than in the regular theatre. They are simply inevitable. What we aim at is to avoid as many of the 'bad ones' as possible, and improve our standards. The men in the Famous Players are sincere in this. That's what makes it so pleasant working with them."

Mr. Ford's viewpoint is more readily understandable when it is explained that he himself is genuine and sincere, a gentleman. In spite of the fact that he has been in theatres most of his life, he has never been touched by the "theatrical atmosphere." He is quiet in his speech as in his dress, which is always informal. A soft collar is his favorite neckwear.

"One thing we try for is variety. We had the wonderful outdoor setting for 'The Hungry Heart.' We went to Rome with all its historic spots for 'The Eternal Temptress.' In 'Sapho' we had Bohemian life; we had the fanciful in 'Jealousy'; the romantic in 'The Seven Swans'; exotic passion in 'Bella Donna'; up-to-the-minute New York scenes in the 'Bab' stories; England in 'Mrs. Dane's Defense,' Belgium in 'Arms and the Girl,' fairyland in 'The Little Princess,' and so on and so on. But it is the underlying human interest in each of these stories that counts. That sounds like old stuff, but really it's what I think of first of all in a picture. We've heard a great deal about spectacles and so much attention has been paid to that phase of picture making, about the last word has been said in mobs. The thing I work for is the good old human interest that has been in every book or music or painting that ever meant anything to us. I spend a good deal of my time looking for those little touches in a character that will bring it home. Audiences in picture houses are just the same as in a theatre, when it comes to the human things. Laughter verging on tears, a lump in the throat, that's what I'm after."

It is those qualities Mr. Ford used to look for on the stage. They are what he helped to make "Potash and Perlmutter" for it was he who produced that comedy, and he still draws part of the royalties from it.



Douglas Fairbanks

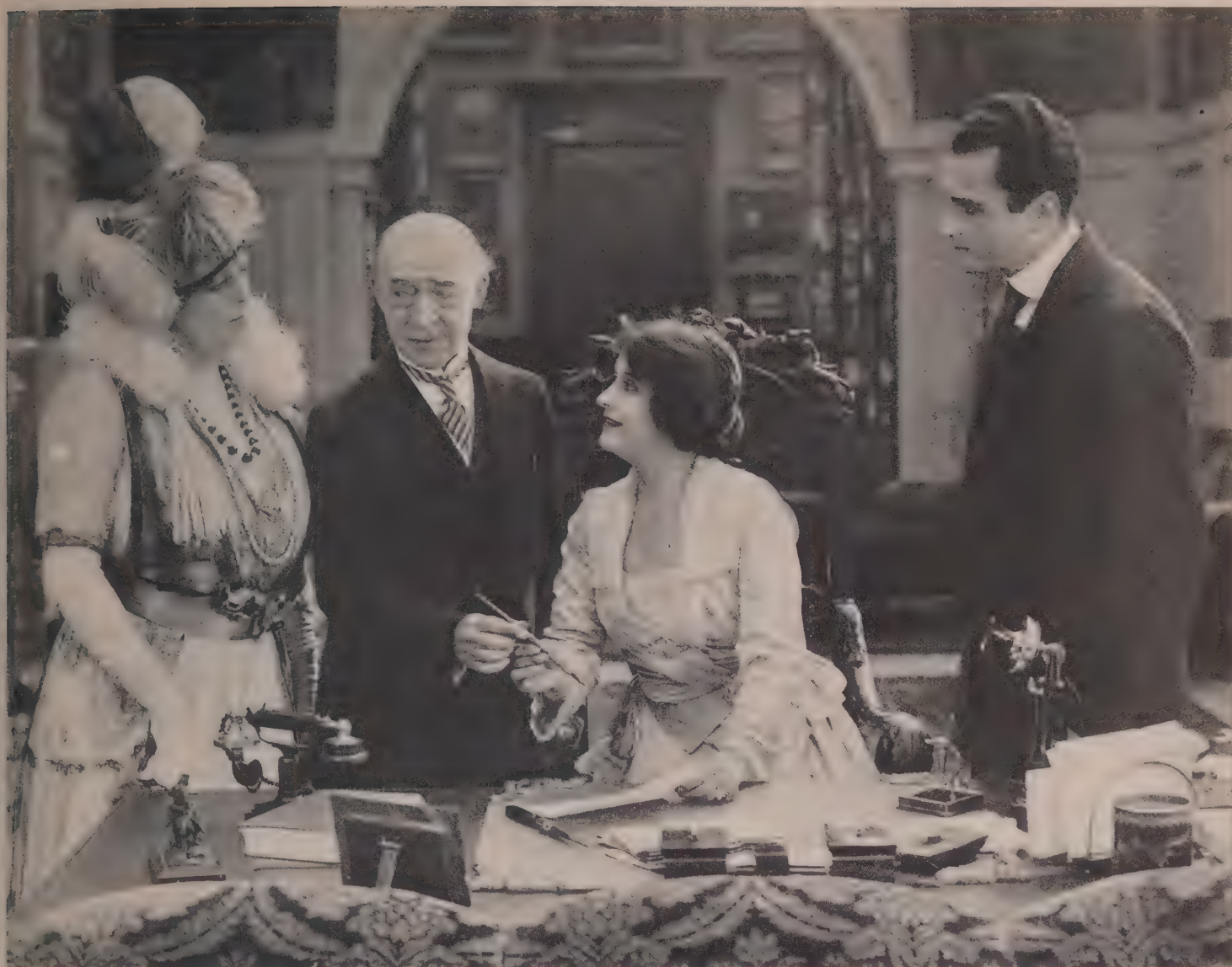
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Clara Kimball Young, Frank Otto, Dan Mason and Mrs. Wellesley in a scene painful to Frank Otto, but evidently pleasing to Miss Young



This picture shows Miss Young giving George Fawcett the merry ha-ha



But right over here friend George is certainly getting back at Clara

THREE DIFFERENT SCENES FROM MISS CLARA KIMBALL
YOUNG'S LATEST SCREEN PRODUCTION "SHIRLEY KAYE"

"CINEMA SILAS" VISITS THE CITY



SILAS HENRY FUIR, than whom there never lived a more ardent admirer of brilliant luminaries in the dazzling cinema firmament, was back at the General Store at Clinton Corners, N. Y., after his initial visit to New York's erstwhile "White Way" and New Jersey's motion picturesque Fort Lee. Silas Henry was on the paid subscription list of every motion picture periodical in the land and could give, offhand, the biography of each and every screen star since the days of Maurice Costello. Little wonder, therefore, that the village bloods were down at the general store in force the first night following Silas' return.

"I tell yew fellers, 'twas a crackin' good experience," exclaimed Silas as the lanky sons of the soil comfortably settled themselves around the old stove for the much anticipated narrative. "O' course, I jes' natch-erly cut loose when I arrived on thet aire Broadway street and say, if there be any film play actresses thet I didn't meet 'twas b'cause they were out in Californy."

"My cousin Pete, y'know, hez got a fine job in the moshun pitcher business at the Artercraft office. He knows all them aire pitcher-play people like Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Elsie Ferguson and William Hart by their handle names an' he sure did show me some interestin' times in thet film community. My cousin was tickled tew see me—he must a been, for soon as he set eyes on me he bust out alaf-fin' till tears ran down his cheeks. I felt kinda skeery-like in thet aire swell office with plate glass walls, telephones by the dozens and fine fernitchure."

"As I sed, my cousin was glad tew see me. He sed somethin' about my wonderful make-up which I didn't quite understand b'cause I didn't have no play acting paint on my face, nor nothin. All of a sud-

den like he stopped laffin and pulled me into a corner. 'S-h-h-h,' sez he keerful like, 'don't yew know yew aire breakin' the fire laws of this building by wearin' thet collar? You kin be jugged for thet.' I allowed as how I didn't know just what he was talkin' about b'cause my collar was clean an' besides it was my best Sunday-go-tew-meetin' collar. Howsomer, he explained the hull thing. Yew see the fire laws in them aire film buildings aire very strict and all celluloid must be carried in tin cans. My cousin told me thet celluloid collars were strictly against the fire laws. He wanted me tew carry my collar outa the place in a round tin can but I allowed as how I would take a chance and beat it outa the back way. We snuk down the freight elevator and got outa the building safe as you please but my cousin sed it would not do to take any more chances so we bought a dozen linnen collars."

"Then Pete sed I'd better get a different suit and shirt b'cause one of them aire moshun pitcher directors would think I was one of them play actors waiting to go into a scene for a comedy pitcher. I told him thet would be fine and mebbe I could get in pitchers thetaway. Howsomer, he allowed as how it would not be nice tew fool them thetaway, so I agreed tew go with him an' git a new suit. Thet's how I got this here swell suit—did yew see the belt in the back? an' this fine shirt, feel it, it's real silk; an' this tie an' this hat with the bow in the back? Them city clothes sartinly make a fellow feel kinda metropolitan-like."

"Next we went into a barber shop to git slicked up a bit. Fellers, yew oughta hev seen thet place. Them barbers are always busy night an' day b'cause there be six million peepul in New York and nobuddy wears a beard. Afta one of them fancy Noo Yawk hair cuts, I didn't know

myself. Then I set down tew a little glass top table an' one of the prettiest girls in the world started fussin' around my finger nails. Fellers, she was beautiful and when she took my hand in hern an' started a-slickin' up my nails my Adam's apple got caught in my new linnen collar somehow and my head got hot like the time down tew Meranda's birthday party when that city gal sat plumb in my lap right afore them village folks."

"I had been apesterin' Pete to take me to a stewdio an' told him as how I'd like to meet Mary Pickford an' Douglas Fairbanks an' sech like. He said they were in Californy but we started for the stewdio where George M. Cohan was workin'. I allowed as how George would not be in b'cause I had read in one of them aire film papers where he had stopped work in pitchers so as to cross a fire-bug with a bumble-bee so as the bumble-bee could work at night. When I read thet story I thought I'd kinda experyment myself b'cause Pa has a lot of fine bumble-bees and fire-bugs are all over the place. I got stung several times so I allowed as how I'd let George do the experymentin' and b'sides it wouldn'ta been fair fer me to steal his idea. I asked Pete how George was coming along with his experymentin' and he sez that George had given it up fer a while b'cause he was spendin' most of his time making dolls' eyes these days. Since the war we don't get any more dolls' eyes from Germany, so George hez started to make up a supply to make up fer the shortage."

"We got intew the stewdio and jes' ez I expected, George was out. They was a lot of other stars about

though like little Marguerite Clark, Pauline Fredericks and sech. Pete introduced me tew all them famous people an' to show them all I appreciated knowin' 'em personally, I invited 'em up to the house fer dinner any time they come to Clinton Corners. Tole Ma about it this mawnin' and she got hoppin' mad saying as how I hadn't oughta hev invited so many people. She allows as how she will be busy all next Summer makin' pies and doing chores fer the visitors, but I reckon we oughta feel proud to have 'em. I'm going to paint the house this Spring so thet it will look all slicked up when they come."

"One of the purtiest gals in the place was Elsie Ferguson. She is thet aire big stage star thet has just become a film actress. Miss Ferguson was very nice an' I invited her up to dinner, too. She allowed as how she would surely call if she was in this part of the country. Jes' when I wanted to ask her fer her address, so as I could send her a New Year's pitcher card, her director, a feller named Jack Kaufman, took her to be filmed. Them pitcher stewdios aire great places fellers. But they aire a fake. We fellers see a film and think we see rooms but they ain't rooms at all. They jes' put up some walls thet aire held up with sticks from the back. They aire only two walls of a room an' they ain't no ceiling. The next pitcher yew see showing a room you jes' take it from me, it ain't no room at all but jes' a couplea walls. My cousin allowed as how 'tain't necessary fer to have a hull room in moshun pitchers but I don't think it is right tew fool the public thetaway."





This is a scene from Marguerite Clark's annual fairy-tale picture play produced for Paramount entitled "The Seven Swans." Some people are lucky, aren't they?



Photo White
Bessie Love, who appears in Pathé plays, playing peek-a-boo with herself



Geraldine Farrar in a scene from "The Devil-Stone," her latest Artercraft picture



No, Sessue Hayakawa has not been vaccinated, but the secret of this wounded arm is disclosed in "Hidden Pearls," a Paramount picture



Left to right—Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, Mary Pickford and her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford



A bit of Jewel Carmen, Fox Film star, getting acquainted with a new brand of talcum powder



Louise Glaum, Triangle vampire, feeling her way along the path of least resistance



Mary Garden passing the cocktails in her first Goldwyn picture, "Thais," by Anatole France



Frances Marion, scenario writer for Mary Pickford. Miss Marion is the author of scenarios for "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and other Arctcraft Pictures

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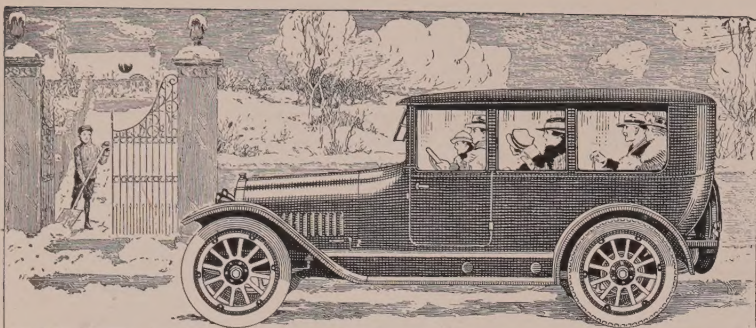
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Concerning

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS



BEGINNING with the March issue interesting changes and additions will be inaugurated in the department of *Footlight Fashions*.

The lure of the Stage for men and women, young and old, is undisputed but the ever-increasing fascination of stage clothes—the gowns, hats, negligees, and all the accessories dear to the heart of woman—that are worn by the actress, and the demand of the average woman, for more and more of photographs and articles concerning them, seems to be insatiable. And so it has been decided to give

ADDED SPACE

to *Footlight Fashions*. More specially posed photographs of the actress and her gowns, both in private life and on the stage, will be shown, with full descriptions in all their fascinating details.

The clever little frock, worn by Olive Tell in "General Post" for instance, need no longer excite your envy—and despair. The camera will bring it to you, in all its truthful details. Anne Archbald who has seen Miss Tell's frocks, will tell you all about them, and if you care to write her, she will let you know where you may purchase exact duplicates!

TYPES—HOW THEY CHOOSE THEIR CLOTHES, AND WHY

IN a series of articles, Anne Archbald will record for you her chats with various types of actresses, the dark and statuesque, the fair and small, the siren, the ingenue, the "sports" girl,—a different type every month, and tell how each one dresses hers. Follow the interviews closely and learn from those whose profession it is to charm, how to make the very most of yours. These interviews will be liberally illustrated.



"ANGELINA"

The clever young person who has so firmly entrenched herself in *Footlight Fashions*, will write for you in forthcoming issues, of,

The Intimate Things in the Boudoir of the actress. The Appointments in Her Dressing Room.

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When She Goes A-Motoring—Her Car Interior, Exterior. Accessories, and Motor Clothes.

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Her Sport Clothes.

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How She Dresses Her Hair, and Why.

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The Personal Jewelry of the Actress, and Her Fads and Fancies in Wearing It.

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IN THE MARCH ISSUE

TYPES—Olive Tell, the Ingenue
By Anne Archbald

Pearls, the Favorite of the Actress
By "Angelina"

***Footlight Fashions*—An interesting collection of photographs of the newest frocks worn by stage favorites.**



And there will be the usual review, each month of what is being shown in the smart shops of Fifth Avenue.

The Editor invites your suggestions for future articles for *Footlight Fashions*.



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|--|-----------------------------------|--|---|
| 1 Caruso as Rhadames in Aida | 6 McCormack as Sir Edgar in Lucia | 11 Tetrizzini as Lakme | 16 Alda as Desdemona in Othello |
| 2 Melba as Marguerite in Faust | 7 Gluck as Nedda in Pagliacci | 12 Garrison as Queen of Night in Magic Flute | 17 Braslau as Marina in Boris Godounow |
| 3 Galli-Curci as Gilda in Rigoletto | 8 Scotti as Scarpia in Tosca | 13 Martinelli as Mario in Tosca | 18 De Luca as Figaro in Barber of Seville |
| 4 Farrar as Tosca | 9 Homer as Amneris in Aida | 14 Calvé as Carmen | 19 Whitehill as Amfortas in Parsifal |
| 5 Schumann-Heink as Azucena in Trovatore | 10 Ruffo as Rigoletto | 15 Journet as Mephistopheles in Faust | 20 Mischa Elman |
| 21 Efreim Zimbalist | 22 Jascha Heifetz | 23 Maud Powell | |

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